

From the Britannia.

Life in the Wilderness; or, Wanderings in South Africa. By HENRY H. METHUEN. Bentley.

Nothing can be more original and animated than this narrative of travel in the wilds of South Africa. It opens to us a new region and a new state of existence. It is one of those works issued now and then which every one will be eager to read, and which every one will be delighted with.

The author, with three companions, left Graham's Town in April, 1844, to explore the wilds that lay to the north of the British possessions at the Cape. The party consisted of the four gentlemen, and ten or twelve Hottentot attendants. They had three wagons well stored with all necessary baggage and provisions, about fifty oxen, thirty horses, and some dogs.

It inspires one with a strange kind of emotion to hear of this little party boldly venturing into the wilderness, exploring an unknown region, trusting themselves in the heart of savage and unreclaimed deserts, abounding with all descriptions of ferocious life, for the mere love of adventure and novelty. For a supply of food they trusted chiefly to their guns and the swiftness of their horses, for water to the streams and fountains that crossed their track, and for forage to the grass and herbage that were generally met with in abundance. Their travel lasted for eight months, yet during the whole of that time they seem to have suffered nothing from scarcity. They were generally well supplied with one kind of game or another.

By the Orange and the Maragua rivers they met with the best sport and with the most magnificent scenery. In the waters they met with crocodiles and hippopotami; on the banks, in thick jungles, with elephants, lions, rhinoceroses, leopards, and panthers, and in the more open country with herds of buffalos, deer, and giraffes. Their sporting excursions were attended with all the excitement of danger, but none of the party were seriously injured, though they often lost their cattle from the ferocious attacks of wild beasts. From April to December they lived in the freedom of savage life, and returned at last to the Cape in the enjoyment of excellent health, and highly delighted with their travel in the wilderness.

Our extracts from this entertaining volume must necessarily be scattered. The author kept a journal, and has here reproduced it almost *verbatim*. All his details have the rough force of the life he led, and are marked by the high spirit in which he wrote. On the 30th of June, while encamped near the Vaal river, he made his

FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH A LION.

"Before daybreak I was roused from my slumber in the tent by Bain saying, 'Something has got hold of an ox,' and, listening, heard the poor creature bellow and moan piteously, but in a kind of stifled tone. The horses had all been fastened to the wagon wheels, but the oxen, having had a hard day's work, had been allowed to lie loose during the night. In the course of half an hour the grey light was, we judged, sufficient for our purpose,

and three of us, well armed, sallied forth in the direction of the outcry, to reconnoitre. We marked a crow hovering, and by its guidance soon discovered one of the best oxen lying dead. We approached with caution, and a quick-sighted Hottentot pointed to the large print of a lion's foot in the sand just by us. The lion had attacked the ox in the rear, and fastened his tremendous claws in the poor wretch's side, one having pierced through to the intestines; he had then bitten him in the flank, and, to show the prodigious power of the monster's jaws, the thigh joint was dislocated, the hide broken, and one of the largest sinews snapped in two, and protruding from the wound: having thus crippled his victim, he had, apparently, seized him by the throat and throttled him.

"We could discern that the cattle had all been sleeping together when first surprised, and the lion, following on the trail of some Griqua horsemen, whom he had met on the preceding evening, had come across the oxen, and sprung on the nearest. We traced his spoor all along the road to the scene of slaughter, and on the retreat after it. He had not eaten a morsel, which was some satisfaction to our feelings. The first scuffle had evidently been violent, for the ground was much indented by it. This having been the outside ox, and the wind blowing from the rest, they had not smelt their dreaded foe, and had only run a little way off, else they would not have stopped for many miles. Execrations and cries for revenge were universal; so, forming a large party, we started in pursuit of the lion, attended by some good dogs. With the greatest difficulty we followed his track over sand and stones, by the assistance of Hottentot eyes; but even these would in one or two cases have failed, if a sagacious dog, perceiving our object, had not run on the scent, stopping constantly to see if we advanced, and if conscious of the fierce creature we were pursuing.

"The search became at intervals very exciting, when the spoor led into a glen of long dead grass or rushes; but, whether purposely or not, the lion always left us to windward, so that his nose would inform him of our approach; and after a fatiguing, unsuccessful chase, the sun growing very hot and our stomachs craving for breakfast, we resought the wagons.

"The habits of the king of beasts are not of that noble order which naturalists formerly ascribed to him. In the daytime he will almost invariably fly from man, unless attacked, when his courage is that of mingled rage and despair. I have seen the lion, suddenly roused from his lair, run off as timidly as a buck. It is said that even at night they do not like to seize a man from a party, especially if the persons exercise their voices; and that the carcass of an antelope, or other game, may be preserved untouched by hanging some stirrups on a branch near, so that the irons may clash together when blown by the wind: a white handkerchief on the end of a ramrod is another receipt for effecting the same object. The lion is a stealthy, cunning brute, never attacking unless he has the advantage, and, relying on his vast strength, feels sure of the victory. The natives tell incredible stories of his

sagacity, which would almost make him a reasoning animal. There are well-authenticated cases on record of lions carrying away men at night from the fireside, but these are quite the exception. They are gregarious, as many as twenty having been seen in a troop.

"Balked of our revenge, we started for the next water, but first of all we carefully cut up, and stowed away, all the flesh of the dead ox, leaving only the entrails, which vultures and crows would speedily devour, and dragging the hide behind the last wagon, that the assassin might follow and be entrapped. We came to a pool, called Papkuil's fontein, surrounded by low clumps of bush and long grass, well fitted to be the head-quarters of *felis leo*. Two guns loaded with slugs were secured to stakes near the water, their muzzles protruding through some bushes, cut and placed so as to conceal them: a string was then attached to the triggers, and fastened to a large piece of meat, in such a manner that any creature laying hold of it would discharge the guns in his face. Care was taken that there should be no path but in front of the battery, and twilight had begun to fade when all our preparations were completed. Much trouble was experienced in tying up the oxen and horses; one young ox broke away, and was of necessity abandoned to his fate. Good fires were made, a slight hedge of thorn boughs was formed round our camp at the least secure point, and, supper over, we all retired to bed.

"At about 2, A. M., Hendrick, ever wakeful, shouted out, 'There stands the lion! shoot!' and, before we could jump from our beds, the discharge of a gun was heard. The horses and cattle had been very uneasy for some time previously, snorting and struggling to get free: one horse actually broke his halter, and ran away, and was brought back by Frolic. It is miraculous how both escaped from the lion, which then must have been prowling round us. On emerging we saw the oxen, like so many pointers, with their noses in one direction snuffing the air; and found that an old white ox, which had not been fastened up on account of its age and docility, but merely driven amongst the rest, had strayed about thirty yards from our camp, to nibble some grass, and had been assailed by the enemy. Piet said that he saw the brute on the ox and fired, whereupon he relinquished his prey and fled, and the poor terrified ox hurried back to the wagon and his comrades; where he began stretching out first one leg, then another, as if engaged in a surgical examination of his limbs. The air all the while was piercingly cold, and a basin of water in the tent had a coat of ice on it an inch thick. The fires were anew supplied with fuel, and a watch set; the profoundest silence, broken only by the deep breathing of the oxen, reigned again; and, being thoroughly chilled, we nestled once more under our warm blankets. On inspecting the trap in the morning we found, to our grievous disappointment, that a bad cap had prevented the principal gun from exploding; and that the small one had gone off, but missed its aim—the meat bore the mark of a claw, but was none of it eaten. The ox which had deserted was found uninjured, but the white one showed several severe scratches on his neck, which swelled extremely. We resolved to wait another day, and prepare for the lion."

The lion, however, escaped them; but in the night they shot a large hyena.

From the Churchman.

MR. EDITOR,—It is not out of place, nor out of season to remind ourselves of the ends and object of the daily service. By some, one view may be taken—by others a different one may be appreciated. To all, every view of it will be of use, and therefore as one I send you the following, in the measure of an old English hymn.

A REASON FOR THE DAILY SERVICE.

MAN has few days to live,
And life shall be,
Not here on earth; but in
Eternity.

Here we may love and praise;
And ever dwell
With God; or follow sin:—
Seek heaven or hell.

But there no choice may be!
For with that day,
Which ends our life, will pass
For aye away

Our trial; and old and young
—From sea and land—
Before the "great White Throne"
Shall trembling stand.

When "every knee shall bow"
And "tongue confess"
—They who revile their God,
And they who bless.

Since then before my Judge
This flesh shall kneel;
When flames shall wasting pour,
—My works reveal.—

I'll now anticipate
That fearful day;
And at my Saviour's feet
In dust will pray;

Confess my countless sins,
My loss deplore;
And daily bow the knee,
Till time is o'er.

That so when mountains shake
And pass away,
Thou may'st my soul preserve
In that dread day.

I cannot see Thee now!
My mortal sight
Is far too weak to bear
Thy awful light.

But faith shall view Thee here;
And—as alone—
Will try to think of Thee
As on Thy throne.

Grant me, O Lord, a place
—At Thy blest feet,
Among that "two or three"
Who with Thee meet.

For soon the day will come
When I shall be
Rapt with Thy vision in
Eternity.

From Fraser's Magazine.

HOLLY COTTAGE.

CHAPTER I.

It is strange how much deeper and more enduring is our sympathy with sorrow than with joy. Many a cheerful home do I pass in my country rambles, before many a cottage door do I pause to watch the merry children at their play; but there is one house before which I always linger with a melancholy interest, and, often as I pass it, I still feel the same sinking of the heart when I draw near, as I did when it was first deserted years ago, and when the history of its latest inmates was in everybody's mouth. This sadness may spring, in part, from selfish considerations. In my early childhood I first was led to this cottage; in after years, when the hopes of youth were warm about my heart, my favorite ramble was still in this direction; and now, when childhood and youth have faded like dreams, I bend my steps hither again, and count over the treasures I have lost. Alas! I may well grieve over my diminished store, and, in the exuberant gladness and fertility of summer, this old house seems the only thing that is changed even as I am. But it was not of myself I meant to speak.

Holly Cottage (for by this name was the now desolate habitation once known) stands in the very heart of the New Forest, and on the edge of some enclosed land that once was a stately park. Immediately behind it is a hanging wood of elm and beech, with here and there a tall pine towering above its neighbors. Through this wood and across the cottage garden trickles a little stream, clear and noisy, though now half-hidden by cresses and reeds, and the wood itself is peopled with a large colony of rooks. The cottage contains but four rooms, but its ample porch used to furnish a fifth apartment in summer time, and though the woodbine once trained over it, so glorious in its blossoming season, lies dead upon the ground, yet I love to stand in that spot still, for the view seen thence is one of exceeding beauty. Gentle undulations, clothed in grass and crowned with noble trees, are immediately opposite; while to the left stretches a vista of distant country, blue and hazy, a very dream-land for the fancy; and to the right winds away the long green valley, its termination lost in woods of oak, beech, and holly. Beautiful it is at all times!—when the spring uncurls the fern-leaves, and calls forth verdure on every tree; when the golden furze-bloom makes the summer air heavy with its rich perfume, and the crimson bells of the foxglove wave slowly in the evening wind; when the breath of autumn passes over the heathery slopes and bids them blush into beauty; and even in winter, when the old oaks lift their bare branches in the frosty sunshine. Now and then—nay, almost every evening, the deer steal down to feed in the valley, raising their graceful heads if a step comes near, and bounding away over the hill, so suddenly that you might believe you had but fancied they were before your eyes a few moments ago.

Alas! a change is threatened to this lovely forest-land. Through these calm, green recesses, where the poor man's cattle feed beside the stately deer, disturbed by few travellers, a *railroad* is to be made. These quiet shades, where now rises no harsher sound than the waving of the boughs, the night-cry of the owl, or the hunter's merry shout, will soon be alive with the shrill whistle of

the steam-engine. Quiet nooks in this great natural temple, long leafy aisles that have been my favorite haunts for years, are to be sacred no longer to high and holy thought. It may be all well, but I could have wished such changes had not been made in my day. Many voices are raised to oppose the making of a railroad through the Forest. The rich man dreads it may be brought too near his drawing-room windows; the lover of hunting fears interruption of his darling amusement; the farmer of small substance trembles for the safety of his cattle; while all talk alike of the injury to the poor, and the invasion of *forest rights*. All good reasons, no doubt; but I have yet another. I grieve that one more breathing-place for the lover of Nature, yet unprofaned by the *improvements* of man, should be taken away. Perhaps we are hardly able to appreciate the influence—ay, and the usefulness of scenes like these, appealing to us in the midst of a trafficking, ever-moving world, in behalf of beauty and of peace. These are romantic notions, I dare say, but I am indulgent to them, for they are all that remain to me of my youth.

But to return to the cottage. The three noble holly-trees from which it received its name, are still standing on the green before the door; but that green, once so carefully trimmed, is now covered with coarse matted grass. The flower-beds, too, are overgrown with grass and weeds, through which, here and there, a pale and sickly rose struggles to the light, or some half-dead currant-bush displays its shrunken fruit. Some of the tiles from the cottage-roof have fallen about the garden, and it is now hardly safe to enter at the open door and tread the uneven floor, for the crazy building trembles at every step. Immediately at the back of the cottage is an opening, (for the gate has fallen from its hinges,) from which a path leads, through the wood I have mentioned, into the park, now let to a farmer. The ground slopes gently upward to the spot on which stood the mansion of a family now passed away from the face of the earth. I can remember when the old house was pulled down. One of its latest proprietors, in grief for the death of his wife and daughters, left forever the home in which they had delighted; and it remained for many years entirely without inhabitant. There was a pleasure-garden before it, surrounded with an iron railing, and entered by a lofty gate between stone pillars, each surmounted by a rampant lion supporting a shield. The garden had been formally laid out, with straight walks and quaintly shaped flower-beds. Here and there was a statue or an urn, often beautified by the blossoms of some wild plant that had twined its light tendrils about it; and a vigorous wild-rose-tree had almost hidden the somewhat ungraceful Naiad who presided over the ruined fountain. There was nothing beautiful in the architecture of the large old house, but many of the apartments it contained were noble in size and perfect in their proportions. In my youth I often made my way into the hall by a broken window. It was a very fine room, with panels of old oak. Over the broad fire-place still hung a picture representing a hawking party, and a few pieces of armor were attached to the walls. Often, standing alone in that deserted house, have I started to hear the rattling of helmet and shield as the wind swayed them to and fro. The gilded mouldings of the ball-room were falling to the ground, and its painted walls already stained with damp. Latterly, the staircase was in so dilapidated a state that

I feared to ascend it; but at one time I used to range over the whole house, where still were scattered many relics of the dead. Books, vases for flowers, pieces of music—graceful mementos of the youth and beauty which had once made that dwelling joyful—were left, as if to make its present state seem yet more sad and desolate. In one small chamber, commanding a lovely prospect, I found a volume of poems laid open on the window seat, stained by the rain that had fallen upon it through the broken panes. Near it was a glass containing the remains of some withered flowers, and a faded sketch, on which was written the name of “Emily Courtland”—frail memorials that yet had outlasted the beautiful being whose hand placed them there.

From some of the windows at the back of the house was seen the main stream, one of whose branches passed through the wood on the edge of the park, and across the garden attached to Holly Cottage. This stream formed a beautiful feature in the landscape, flowing through rich, green meadows with a strong and rapid current, and sending its sweet music to my ear many and many a time as I sat musing in the neglected mansion. Perhaps it was then and there that I learned to be a dreamer and a moralizer; but I was young: and in youth, in very wilfulness, we seek out sadness as eagerly as in later years we long to cast it from us.

In those days there was little about Holly Cottage in harmony with the melancholy of the “great house.” It was then occupied by a widow, who had formerly been housekeeper to the Courtland family, and her only daughter. The mother I did not like: there was something mean and cringing in her over-acted respect to those whose station in life was at all superior to her own, and whenever she spoke to me, I found myself trying to guess at the motives that prompted her. There was a want of simplicity in all she said that impressed me with a belief there was also an absence of truth; and the expression of her keen, grey eyes and demurely puckered mouth seemed to me—albeit not given to unkind suspicions—full of cunning and duplicity. Her daughter, Ellen Matley, was the very reverse of all this. Simple, ingenuous, affectionate, she won at once my confidence and good-will, and by degrees I became a constant visitor at the cottage, often taking Ellen on with me to wander in the park. I found her always a pleasing companion. The last mistress of Courtland Park had been fond of her, and Ellen had lived much with the young ladies, sharing the instructions they received, so that her education and manners were quite those of a lady. She was very beautiful, her features were regular, and the expression of her countenance varied with every emotion. Her enthusiastic admiration and love of all that was noble or beautiful interested me from the first, and it was my delight to read to her some touching poem, or relate some deed of heroism, that I might see reflected in her speaking face the earnest feelings kindled in her heart. I thought not of the dangers to which, through her trustful and enthusiastic temperament, she might afterwards be exposed; I enjoyed wielding the power I possessed over her mind, and did not trouble myself with fears for the future.

Different as were the characters of mother and daughter, they yet were warmly attached to each other. Sometimes I thought there was a shade of disappointed ambition in Mrs. Matley’s manner,

when she told how the great house had been the home of Ellen’s childhood, and how sadly times were changed; while the daughter’s grief when referring to the past was quite unmixed with selfishness. Many a time has Ellen led me from room to room, describing scenes long past in simple, energetic language, till I have found myself weeping with her at the dying words of her favorite Lady Emily, or smiling at sallies of wit that once flowed from lips long ago mouldered into dust.

But a change came over all this. One day when I went (as had become my almost daily custom) to see Ellen, I found her and her mother in a state of bustling confusion, in consequence, as the former told me, of the unexpected arrival of young Mr. Courtland. This gentleman was the grandson and heir of the proprietor of the estate, which he had never before visited, and he had now come down for a week’s fishing on his grandfather’s property. He had asked Mrs. Matley to let him have a room in her house during his stay, and she was doing her utmost to make him comfortable. It seemed all very natural and proper, so I even walked home again, catching, as I went, a glimpse of a young man in fishing costume, following the windings of the little stream through the wood.

When ten days had passed, believing the stranger must have taken his departure, I visited the cottage again, and, finding nobody at home, I passed into the park, and walked on till I reached the bank of the river at the back of the mansion, when I suddenly heard voices near me. I turned and saw Ellen with a young man, who could be no other than Mr. Courtland, seated under the trees within a few yards of the spot where I stood. They did not see me, and I watched them in silence for a few moments. The young man was speaking, gazing earnestly all the while on the beautiful, blushing face of his young companion; and Ellen, who did not answer him a word, listened with a quiet smile, as she idly plucked the flowers that grew around her and threw them into the stream. I thought neither might wish for the presence of a third person, and so I turned unperceived away; but in spite of the pleasantness of that scene, I felt uneasy and anxious, and at the end of a week I went again to look for Ellen, and ascertain how matters were going on. I was on the eve of departure for a visit of some weeks to a relation at a distance, and I determined, if unable to speak to Ellen on the subject, at least to say something to her mother on the folly, if not the impropriety, of her encouraging an intimacy between her daughter and Mr. Courtland. As I expected, I found Mrs. Matley alone. The young stranger was, she said, fishing in the park: and Ellen, as I drew from her with difficulty, had gone to carry him his luncheon.

“Is this wise, Mrs. Matley?” I asked. “I know Ellen to be pure and innocent; it is not that I fear her acting in a manner unworthy of herself, but are you not running a fearful risk of destroying your child’s happiness forever, by permitting this constant association with one who appears in every way likely to win her affections? He is evidently struck with her beauty and sweetness, and will stay here so long as she amuses him; but when he is weary of this quiet life, he will go back to the world and forget her, leaving her to pine here, every hope withered, every kindly feeling blighted—perhaps, forever. And can you as a mother, stand by and see all this misery threat-

ening her, without speaking even a warning word?"

Mrs. Matley hesitated, and there was evidently a struggle in her mind between her habitual respect towards me, and her indignation that a comparative stranger should venture to interfere in her family affairs.

"You are young, madam," she said, at last, "to think so gravely of these things. I have seen much of the world in my time, and I know Mr. Courtland well. There is nothing to fear for Ellen's happiness. Many thanks for your kind anxiety about her, but I assure you you mistake the matter altogether."

"I hope I do," I replied; "but young as I may be, I know something of human nature. I love Ellen, and have studied her character, and I own that I tremble for her now." I then told her of the scene I had unintentionally witnessed a few days before, but she merely seemed annoyed that I should know anything about it, repeating that I took a mistaken view of the whole affair, and that Mr. Courtland was the most honorable of men.

"I say nothing against him," I answered; "but you, who, as you say, know something of the world, must feel the impossibility of his marrying your daughter; and Ellen, with a mind to appreciate refinement, and a heart to feel kindness, what must be the consequence of his present devotion to her? She will love him even as her earnest nature is capable of loving, and then she must be dissatisfied and unhappy for the rest of her life. I have thought it right to speak openly to you, Mrs. Matley, as a sincere friend of your daughter, and because it sometimes happens that those nearest at hand see less than those at a little distance. Give my love to Ellen, and tell her, if you will, all that I have said. I am going from home," I added, rising to depart, "and shall be absent several weeks."

I thought I saw a gleam of satisfaction in my hearer's eye as I spoke; and when on my way homewards I pondered on what had passed, every moment strengthened my conviction that Mrs. Matley's blindness was only pretended. "She is playing a dangerous game," thought I; "she thinks, probably, to draw him into a marriage, and if she succeed, what then? There can be no happiness in a connection so unequal."

I had taken a green path across the forest, skirting the edge of the park, and leading to a slight wooden bridge thrown across another part of the river I have already mentioned. This bridge was half-hidden by a group of alder trees, under whose shadow rose many a tall foxglove, its purple bells musical with bees. I was fond of the place, for I love the sound of flowing waters, and here they have a peculiarly sweet murmur; the bed of the stream being uneven and pebbly. On this day as I drew near, I saw Mr. Courtland and my friend Ellen coming towards me across the bridge. She blushed when she saw me; and, drawing her hand away from her companion, hurried towards me.

"I am glad I have met you, Ellen," I said, "for I am going away to-morrow, and I was anxious to see you before my departure."

"Going away!" she repeated, in a tone of real regret. "You will not be absent long?"

"Probably several weeks," I replied; "but you have not introduced me to your companion, Ellen."

With some confusion, yet more grace, she presented Mr. Courtland, who was energetic in his expressions of admiration of the scenery, "though," he added, smiling, "this stream has been the boundary of my wanderings till to-day."

"Do you make a long stay here?" I asked; and I observed that Ellen seemed scarcely to breathe while awaiting his reply.

"I hardly know, indeed," he said. "I have had good sport as yet; and I am so eager a fisherman that I do not like to go while I am successful. Besides, my good friend Mrs. Matley makes me so comfortable that I have already imbibed an ardent love for forest-life."

"Have you been successful to-day?" I inquired, somewhat maliciously, I confess, for I saw no sign of rod or basket. "Mrs. Matley told me you were fishing."

"I have not done much to-day," he answered, eyeing me suspiciously; "the fish would not rise, so I took to exploring a little."

I turned to Ellen. "May I ask you to walk a little way with me? I have a few words to say before we part. You will excuse my stealing your companion for awhile, Mr. Courtland?"

He bowed with a look of considerable annoyance, and I walked away with Ellen. We were both silent for some time: for my part I did not know how to introduce the subject that was uppermost in my mind, and Ellen seemed full of thought. At length I said—

"Ellen, you are the very soul of truth: do you know what it is of which I wish to speak to you? Answer me from your heart."

For a moment she hesitated, then raising her clear, truthful eyes to mine, she said—

"I will not pretend to doubt your meaning, but I assure you, you are mistaken—you do not know him."

"But I know you, Ellen; and there are few in this world dearer to me than you have long been;" and I repeated the cautions I had already offered to her mother. She listened attentively, and with much agitation.

"Ellen, dear Ellen," I said earnestly, "is it even now too late to warn you? Do you indeed love this stranger?"

The color rose to her very brow, and her eyes filled with tears.

"I am answered, Ellen; yet beware what you do. This man cannot marry you. Beautiful and highly gifted as you are, yet there is a barrier between you which his proud relations would never allow him to overstep. He is, as you know, the last living representative of an old family, and his grandfather is most anxious to see him suitably married. Believe me, my dear Ellen, there is danger about you."

"Indeed, indeed," she replied, eagerly, "you do not know him. He is good and noble. I have no fears. More I must not say, but indeed you wrong him."

"I hope so, Ellen; but I will keep you no longer. God bless you! My warning was well meant; and I shall think of you often, and anxiously."

We parted; and when after a few minutes I looked back, I saw that Mr. Courtland had rejoined Ellen, and I doubted not that all my wise cautions were already forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

Family events, which it is unnecessary to mention more particularly, kept me from home nearly four months. During that time I had heard nothing of Ellen Matley; but, while staying in London for a few days, immediately before my return to the Forest, I caught sight of Mr. Courtland in one of the parks. He looked discontented, I thought, but I saw him only for a moment, and might have been mistaken. The sight of him, however, made me doubly anxious to know something of my poor Ellen, and I had not been two days at home, before I made my way to Holly Cottage. It was already late in October, yet the air was mild and sunny, and the glorious autumnal tints clothed the woods in beauty. Ellen was in the garden, tying up the bough of a rose-tree still covered with bloom. With a ready welcome on her lip, she flew to meet me as I reached the gate, but I fancied there was some constraint in her manner, and when the agitation of our meeting was over, and she was calm again, I saw that her calmness was no longer that of a heart untouched by care, but the stillness of deep though subdued feeling. She questioned me much of my wanderings, and drew yet closer to my side when I said I had been in London.

"Do you not ask whom I saw there, Ellen?" I said, smiling.

She caught my hand.

"Did you, indeed, see him?—Did you see Arthur?" she exclaimed. "What did he say?—how did he look? Tell me—tell me all about him!"

"And pray who is Arthur, Ellen?"

Her eyes fell beneath my look of inquiry.

"Mr. Courtland, I mean."

"I saw him but for a moment," I said, "and was unobserved by him."

She looked disappointed; her countenance a moment before had been absolutely radiant with expectation.

"How long is it since Mr. Courtland left you?" I asked.

"He went to London yesterday week," she replied.

"Only a week ago! Oh, Ellen, are my fears to be realized? Can your friend do nothing for you? Am I once more too late?"

She did not immediately reply, but, putting her arm through mine, led me into the house and upstairs to her own chamber, where she sat down beside me.

"You must not mistake me now," she said, "nor can I allow you any longer to doubt his honor. This will tell you all!" and she drew from her bosom a small chain to which was attached a wedding-ring. "Yes," she continued, observing my start of surprise, "I told you long ago that you wronged him. I have broken a promise in telling you my secret, but whom should I trust if I could doubt you?"

"And when and where were you married, Ellen?"

"I have been his wife nearly three months."

"And does he acknowledge you as his wife in the face of the world? Do his relations know what you have done?" I inquired, anxiously.

"They do not know it yet," replied Ellen, with some hesitation. "Our marriage was celebrated privately at some distance from this place, in the presence only of my mother and a friend of Ar-

thur's. While his grandfather lives, our secret must be kept—and what does it matter! I shall see him very often."

I could not say a word to check her expectations of happiness, and the words in which I expressed a hope they would be realized came from my heart. I inquired when she expected to see her husband again.

"Soon, very soon," she replied, with a gay, bright smile. "He is now with Lord Courtland, but at the end of the week he will be here again. Oh, we have been so happy!"

When I had left Ellen, I could not but reflect painfully on her position. For her—so true, so open—to be leading a life of deceit, to be acting a falsehood day after day, seemed a sad degradation, in spite of all her happiness. Perhaps it was my ignorance of the world that led me to think Mr. Courtland somewhat cowardly in concealing his marriage. If he were not prepared to acknowledge Ellen as his wife, what right had he to seek her affections, and interfere with the peaceful tenor of her life? Such was my reasoning; but when, a few days later, I met Ellen, leaning fondly on her husband's arm, and looking up in his face with the confidence of perfect love, I could almost forgive him.

From this time he was so constantly at the cottage, that I felt my presence there might be unwelcome; and throughout the winter and following spring I seldom saw Ellen. Luckily, her home was in a lonely situation, almost beyond the range of village gossip; but, at length, the frequency of Mr. Courtland's visits was observed, and whispers, such as it pained me to hear, were soon rife respecting my young friend. Perhaps these evil reports were the more readily received, because Mrs. Matley had made herself extremely unpopular by holding herself aloof from persons of her own rank in life, and endeavoring to obtain a footing among those of a somewhat higher class. The village aristocracy, indignant at such presumption, had now an opportunity of revenging themselves, and they failed not to take advantage of it. It was during the summer that these annoying rumors respecting Ellen reached my ears for the first time, and as they gathered strength, I determined to give Mr. Courtland some hint of their existence. For this purpose I called at Mrs. Matley's, and was warmly received by my friend, whom I found busily occupied in the manufacture of some garments of an ominously small size. The conversation that passed was, though not quite unrestrained, lively, and interesting; and I was delighted to observe that, earnest as Ellen's attachment to her husband might be, he was no less devoted to her.

When I took my leave, Mr. Courtland offered to escort me through the forest, and I thus had the opportunity I sought, of speaking to him without witnesses. I told him I feared I had previously come before his notice as an officious person, but I trusted my affectionate interest in his wife would sufficiently excuse me to him; and then merely mentioned the remarks that were going the round of the village society, leaving it, of course, to him to notice them or not as he thought best. He looked perplexed.

"You are very kind," he said, "and I thank you for having called my attention to this matter. I care little enough for the busy tittle-tattle of the village, but it might annoy Ellen. Just now I cannot remove her, but I have often thought of

taking her to some place where both would be alike unknown, and where, under another name, we might live unquestioned and unmolested."

"But *must* there be all this deceit?" I asked, impatiently.

"It is impossible," he replied, coloring, "to acknowledge the whole truth now. It would ruin our prospects, and on my grandfather's death I should find myself a titled beggar. Besides, I am the last of my race, the old man's only hope; and, eccentric as he may be, he has treated me with noble kindness, and I cannot break his heart."

"But can nothing be done?" I pleaded. "Surely if he saw your beautiful Ellen, he would see no reason for breaking his heart because she was your wife!"

The young man shook his head.

"You do not know him," he said; "his prejudices are violent, and he is pleased to entertain other views for me. You will easily believe that I have more than once sounded his feelings on this point, but I have on each occasion been more firmly convinced that all attempts to bring him into my views must ever be totally unavailing—nay, though I believe he dearly loves me, I am yet convinced that he would cast me off if he knew what I had done."

I had no right to argue the matter further, so I began to speak of Ellen.

"I shall be very sorry to take her from your neighborhood," he said. "Pray, come to see her more frequently, and be assured that I, no less than herself, am deeply sensible of all the kindness you have shown her."

I promised that my visits should be more frequent than they had been of late.

"You do not, then, fear that your own character may be compromised by your association with us?" he said, as we shook hands at my own door.

"No," I replied, "I am not very young or very beautiful, so I flatter myself I may do what I please. But," added I, more seriously "am I to say nothing of the true state of affairs between you and Ellen?"

"I have but to repeat that we are ruined if our secret is betrayed. In a few months we will move to some other place, and in the mean time, as Ellen does not leave home, she is not likely to hear anything that could distress her."

It was useless to say more, so, though by no means satisfied, I bade him farewell, and we separated. In the course of the next few months I saw Ellen frequently. Sometimes Mr. Courtland was obliged to go to London for two or three days, but his heart was with his treasure, and he could not long be absent from her side. She was very happy; the past and the future did not trouble her thoughts; it was enough to see him, to hear him, and she had no wish beyond her present joy. Yet a new blessing was given to her. In the month of August she became a mother, and the child, healthy and vigorous, seemed to us all far handsomer than babies usually are. How lovely was Ellen's face when it wore that new and almost holy expression that beams in a mother's smile!

When the child was about a month old, Ellen asked me if I would go with her to his christening, to stand sponsor for her darling. I consented, and we went together one day during the week, when divine service was celebrated in our village. I

have not yet mentioned the church, which has little pretension to architectural beauty, being, in truth, a very plain, ill-proportioned structure, with but one wing and an insignificant tower, surmounted with a wooden belfry and steeple. It stands, however, in a lovely situation, and the grave-yard is shaded by old trees, whose boughs may be seen in summer time through the open windows, waving in the wind, with a sound I delight to hear in the pauses of prayer and praise. Within, the walls of the little church are crowded with monuments and hatchments of the Courtland family; some of the latter dim with age, some bright as if they had been painted but yesterday. At the western end of the side-aisle, divided by an iron railing from the rest of the church, and lighted by a large window bearing still on its highest panes the arms of the family, is a recess, beneath whose paved floor lie many generations of the Courtlands. On each side of the window, at the time of which I have been speaking, hung some tattered silken banners, now fallen into dust; and on the side-walls were a few pieces of rusty armor, of which only a gauntlet remains. There was ever something very sad to me in those perishing memorials of human grandeur. Alas! that recess has a sadder interest for me now.

Mr. Courtland, with the friend who had been witness of his marriage, awaited us in the church, and soon after our entrance the service began. Poor Ellen! I believe it was the first time she had felt any bitterness in her lot. I saw her look round on all the proud records of her husband's family, then bow her head over her baby's sleeping face and weep. Unkind and suspicious glances, too, for the first time fell upon her, and her gentle spirit could ill bear them at such an hour. She was pale and exhausted when the rite was done, and I was glad that a carriage had been provided to convey her home. I accompanied her, and entreated her to let me relieve her for a while of the weight of her boy, but in vain. I know not what thoughts were passing in her mind, but she said she could not part with him then, and she pressed him to her heart with almost passionate eagerness, shedding silent tears, even when he lay awake and placid in her arms.

From this day she seemed anxious to be gone. She had felt that the finger of scorn was pointed at her, and that shame was believed to be her portion. Her husband was not long in putting into execution his plan of moving her to a distance from her former home, and, with much sorrow for myself mixed with rejoicing for her, I saw her depart.

CHAPTER III.

The next three years were, perhaps, the happiest of Ellen's life. We corresponded constantly, and the tone of her letters was always one of entire content. Two events only occurred to disturb the quiet current of her life during the time I have mentioned. One was the temporary absence of her husband, when Lord Courtland required his grandson to attend him on his journey to Naples, where the old man at length fixed his abode, allowing his companion to return to England; the other a severe illness which attacked her mother, and from the effects of which, though her bodily strength was soon restored, Mrs. Mauley's mind never recovered. Her memory was almost gone, and she talked incessantly in a rambling, incoherent manner; yet

her shattered mind seemed ever to dwell on pleasant subjects, and her countenance, with its calm, meaningless smile, seemed to me far less repulsive than it had been before her reason was clouded.

Ellen came from her distant home to stay at Holly Cottage during her mother's illness, and remained there some weeks after the old woman's health was reëstablished, in the vain hope of seeing her memory and intelligence also restored. Her child was with her, and Mr. Courtland constantly came to see that all was well with them both. The boy, now about two years old, was, indeed, a noble creature; dark hair curled about his fair and open brow, his eyes were large and blue like his mother's, and there was something of his father's proud and beautiful smile about his rosy lips; and never did a child possess richer wealth of love than was poured on that lovely boy from Ellen's full and happy heart. Her eye followed his every motion; his imperfect attempts at speech were full of meaning and of music to her ear, and when he lisped to her some of the terms of endearment she so liberally bestowed on him, how would she wind her fond arms about him, and almost smother him with kisses! I love to dwell on these pleasant recollections; to linger on the image that is present to my memory now, of that young mother and her happy child. I see them still, the boy's round cheek resting on his mother's shoulder; his eyes, full of laughter, glancing at me with pretended shyness, whose real meaning I well knew was to challenge me to play with him. The old woman sat in her large arm-chair, watching with her quiet, unvarying smile, and Mr. Courtland was often there, not the least gay or happy of the group.

Now that house is desolate, and those who dwelt within its walls have passed away like shadows. Age is creeping over me, and these events of which I write seem rather visions than realities. I feel half disposed to leave the rest of my tale untold, and yet my grief for them, beloved as they were, is but selfish now. I will finish the task I set myself.

Nearly a year after Ellen had again left Holly Cottage, I heard that she was about to return thither to remain during the absence of her husband, who was called to Naples to attend the death-bed of his grandfather. By her desire, I caused preparations for her reception to be made by the woman who had charge of Mrs. Matley. There was a tinge of sadness in Ellen's manner when she came, arising from her having but recently parted with her husband, for whom she still entertained what some would call a romantic degree of attachment. Her boy, however, was gayer than ever. He accompanied his mother and myself in our frequent rambles, bounding on before us with the grace and activity of a deer. One day when we had wandered far from home, (it was our last walk, though we little thought so then,) we sat down to rest on a prostrate oak, Charlie, meanwhile, moving about us and filling his pinafore with flowers. I have never visited the spot since, yet I remember it perfectly. It was near a large pond, about whose edge grew delicate water-plants covered with white blossoms. Behind us was a thick screen of wood; before us, beyond the opposite bank of the pond, were scattered trees, affording glimpses of distant blue hills. Sloping rays of sunshine fell here and there through the graceful foliage of the tall beeches, stealing down to their massive trunks till the mass that clung about them gleamed like living emeralds. The fern, so

tall that Charlie was often hidden from our sight as he wandered among its beautiful leaves to reach some distant foxglove, was scarcely stirred by the warm noontide breeze. Two noble stags, that had been drinking at the pond, dashed away across the heather as we drew near; but several forest ponies, in a state of drowsy enjoyment, remained standing or lying in the shade close to us, unstartled even by Charlie's merry laughter.

Ellen threw aside her bonnet, and we both established ourselves comfortably, to enjoy the beauty of our cool, green resting-place. Presently Charlie stole quietly behind his mother, and, standing on tiptoe, each little hand grasping as many flowers as it could contain, threw the bright shower over her. How he shouted in gay triumph! how he clapped his hands, and danced, and sang aloud, till the woods rang with his clear, gay voice! Sweet in my memory is that "*pioggia di fior*," sweet even as that which fell of old on her who sat—

"Umile in tanta gloria
Coverta dell' amoroso membo,"

beside the fountain of Vaucluse; and scarcely less fair than Laura seemed to her lover's eyes, did my lovely Ellen then appear to mine. Who could have thought it was her last day of happiness? She was even more than usually confidential in her conversation with me on this occasion. She read some passages from a letter she had that morning received from Mr., or rather from Lord Courtland; for the old lord was dead, and the young husband was hurrying home to avow his marriage publicly.

"Now," said Ellen, as she closed the letter, "there will be nothing to cloud my perfect joy. My child will fill his proper place in his father's house," and she pressed her darling to her heart, and told him his father was coming back to them, then kissed him with increased tenderness on hearing the cry of joy with which he received the news.

We returned home slowly, for we were all fatigued; but before I left the cottage Charlie was fast asleep, his rosy cheek pillowed on his arm, and a smile parting his sweet lips. Silently Ellen bent over him; doubtless many a bright hope rose within her as she watched that peaceful sleeper; and when she turned away she murmured—

"God bless you, my child!" in a tone of fondness even deeper than usual.

It rained incessantly the three following days. On the fourth morning I had scarcely breakfasted when a stranger was announced, and I beheld, to my surprise and alarm, the gentleman who had been present at Ellen's marriage, and whom I had seen at the christening of little Charlie. I felt sure some misfortune had happened.

"You have bad news for me," I said, as he sat down beside me. "God forbid anything should have happened to Lord Courtland!"

"I am, indeed, the bearer of bad news!" he replied, in an agitated voice; "and I grieve to say that it relates to him." I had not courage to speak, and he presently continued, "I have come to you, madam, as the friend of poor Lady Courtland. It is necessary that she should, for the sake of her son, be immediately informed of the sad event which has occurred; besides, the dreadful story will be in the public papers to-morrow!"

"But tell me," I said, after a pause, "tell me what has happened."

"The worst!" he replied.

"You do not mean that Lord Courtland is dead?" I exclaimed.

"It is too true!" he answered, sadly. "Poor Courtland! he was hurrying homewards from Naples, when, between that city and Rome, he was attacked by handitti, and shot dead on the spot. A friend, who was awaiting him at Rome, has caused his body to be brought to England for burial, and it will arrive here in a few days."

It were easier to imagine than to describe the feelings with which I set forth to seek my poor friend, and break to her the dreadful news that had just been communicated to me. On my way, I could not but think of her as I had seen her last; and when I turned my thoughts again to the fearful tale of which I was the bearer, the contrast made my heart bleed. When I reached the cottage, I found only Mrs. Matley in the usual sitting-room.

"Where is Ellen?" I asked.

"Up stairs, with Charlie," said the old woman. "I'm glad you've come, madam, for she's been crying all day. There's something the matter, but I can't tell what it is; I am not as I used to be, I believe —"

And she went rambling on, but I made my escape, and stole softly up to Ellen's room, half-fearing, half-hoping that the evil tidings had already reached her; but I soon saw she had yet another cause for grief. Charlie, her bright, lovely boy, lay on his little bed: how unlike himself but four days ago! His eyes looked dark and sunken, his features had fallen away strangely, and poor Ellen sat weeping beside him, holding his feverish hand, and feeling as I could see at once, that there was no room for hope.

I could not speak; I sat down beside the little bed, and Ellen looked up gratefully. The dear child, too, recognized me, and tried to say my name, but the sound died away in a hoarse whisper.

"He is very ill," said Ellen, with almost unnatural calmness; "the doctor has just gone, he said he could do no more." She stooped to moisten the child's lips; and when he smiled and tried to thank her, she wrung her hands in bitter anguish. "Oh, my God!" she cried, throwing herself on her knees, "help me, help me! And his father, his fond father! comfort him, or his heart will break!"

I could not bear it; I left the room for a few minutes, and when I returned, Ellen had resumed her place beside the little sufferer. I took my seat again opposite to her. It was a lovely summer's day, and through the open window a light breeze stole in, laden with the scent of flowers from the little garden below. Within the room all was still, save the painful breathing of the child and an occasional and almost convulsive sigh from his mother. I heard the boughs waving in the forest, the singing of the birds, even the trickling of the little stream in the garden. At last a bird came close to the window and began singing a loud, clear song. Charlie turned his languid eyes, and a gleam of pleasure passed over his face. I saw Ellen shudder, but her eyes were dry, and they never wandered from the dying child. Now and then she bathed his forehead and wet his lips, and I sought not to help her, for I felt it was a sort of sacred right with which none should interfere. Almost to the last the child received her attentions with a look of gratitude. Two hours passed, and then I saw that death was coming. Charlie lay for some time motionless, then suddenly throwing his arms round his mother, he cried "Mamma! mamma!" In

that fond embrace, pillowed on that loving bosom, the child of many hopes breathed his last.

Then, indeed, was the silence of the chamber of death broken by cries of agony. I dare not dwell upon a scene like that. Poor Ellen refused to allow the child to be taken from her arms, and for many hours the passion of her grief was not stayed. When at length her mind sank, from exhaustion, into a kind of stupor, I deemed the time was come for me to make known to her the full extent of her bereavement. There, beside that bed where the little child lay in the placid yet fearful beauty of death, I told my sorrowful tale. Ellen listened quietly, and I doubted whether she understood me, till she said, "Both gone! both so dear—so very dear! Tell me all, for I can suffer no more than I suffer now."

And I told her all; told her that she who had lately been so rich in love and happiness, was now almost alone in the world; that none remained to her save her poor old helpless mother. When morning dawned we were still there, watching beside the dead. How lovely he was even then! All expression of pain had passed away; his hair, loosed from its close curls by the damps of death, fell over the pillow; and, in truth, "his face was as the face of an angel."

I must pass over hastily the few days that elapsed before the funeral. Ellen desired her darling might not be buried within the church, but laid in the churchyard, where, when her hour came, she might be laid beside him. I pass over in silence the burst of grief that overpowered her when the little coffin was conveyed from her sight. Lord Courtland's friend, who had remained on the spot, superintended every arrangement, and left me free to devote all my time to Ellen.

In the evening of the day her child was buried, it seemed suddenly to strike her that I had not mentioned her husband's place of interment, and that possibly his remains were to be brought to the tomb of his ancestors, and I thought it best to tell her the whole truth when she questioned me on the subject. She remained for some time plunged in thought, but made no reply, nor did she again allude to the information I had given her.

CHAPTER IV.

Affairs at home requiring my presence, I was obliged reluctantly to leave Holly Cottage for a few days. This, however, gave me an opportunity of communicating with Lord Courtland's friend, Mr. Cayley, from whom I heard that her husband's will left everything that he had to leave to Ellen. When I afterwards told her this she shook her head with sad meaning, and said wealth had lost all value in her eyes now; but every little trifle that his hand had touched she received and hoarded with melancholy pleasure.

The vessel conveying Lord Courtland's remains was, by some accident, delayed long beyond the time at which its coming was expected: but at length I received a note from Mr. Cayley announcing its arrival. "I am desired," he wrote, "to have everything ready for the burial to-night. The funeral procession is to cross Courtland Park on its way to the church. Would it not be possible to remove the poor widow to your own house in the course of the day without her suspecting our reasons for wishing her to go? Anything seems to me preferable to her being exposed to the bare possibility of seeing such a sight."

Of course I went immediately to the cottage, where I found Ellen sitting with her mother. Mrs. Matley had appeared from the first totally incapable of comprehending the nature of the sorrows that oppressed her daughter, and it was in vain that I had frequently, in reply to her ever-recurring question of "Where's Charlie?" endeavored to impress upon her the sad truth. She always listened with the same vacant smile, and in a few minutes repeated the inquiry. Now, as I entered the room, she cried, "Here she is, Ellen; I said she would come this fine day!"

Ellen covered her face, and I saw that her tears were falling fast in spite of her efforts to control them. No doubt at that moment her heart pined to hear again the pattering of the little feet that used to bound forth to meet me ere I crossed the threshold; no doubt her thoughts were of the sweet voice whose glad shout had so often announced my approach. I know that my own heart ached as I remembered these things. I drew a chair beside Ellen, and threw my arm round her, but she did not raise her head. The old woman watched her with an anxious, bewildered look, and said—

"I wish, ma'am, you could tell me what ails her; she sits there all day, crying, crying, and I cannot comfort her. Where's Charlie? She never cries when Charlie is here. Where's Charlie?"

I felt Ellen's whole frame shaken with sobs.

"Come away," I whispered; "do come away!" But she did not seem to hear my words.

"Won't she listen to you?" continued Mrs. Matley. "I try to cheer her. I tell her that her husband will soon be here—somebody said so, I know; and then I talk about Charlie. She used to smile whenever I spoke of his pretty ways, dear child! Indeed, ma'am, she'll be happy again if you only bring Charlie back."

A loud, hysterical cry burst from Ellen.

"This must not be," I exclaimed, as with gentle force I raised her from her seat, and led her into the garden. "You must come to my house, Ellen, for a few days," I said.

She pressed my hand and whispered, "You are very kind to me. God will bless you for it all."

In the silence that followed many a sweet summer sound fell on our ears, and presently the same bird that had flown to the window when Charlie was dying (tame, because it had been fed at the cottage during the previous winter) came fearlessly almost to our feet. Ellen pointed to it.

"Do you remember!" she said. "I cannot bear all these sounds—all this joy. Life and beauty everywhere; light, and mirth, and sunshine, and my child in his grave! Think what it is, when at last I fall asleep for a while in the long night, to see again that rosy face, to feel his cheek on mine, his soft arm about my neck; to dream we are listening for his father's step, and even at the moment we spring forward to welcome him, to awake and remember what and where they are! And then to hear my mother all day long repeating the question my own poor heart is ever whispering, 'Where's Charlie?' You can feel how dreadful all this is."

"Indeed, Ellen, I feel it from my soul," I replied. "You must live with me for a time. Your being here is useless to your mother, as you may safely trust her attendant, and you are exposing yourself to unnecessary torture. Come, we will prepare at once."

We went up to her chamber. There stood the little bed, with its snowy sheets folded down, even as if ready for the child to occupy that night. His clothes were spread on a chair beside it, and some of his little toys lay scattered about the room, just as his own hands had left them. I understood it all.

When Ellen's preparations were completed, I took the things she had packed up and left the room. Before she followed me, I saw her kneel beside the little bed and kiss the pillow where her child's bright head had lain. My tears blinded me, and I turned away; but she almost immediately followed, softly closing the door and locking it, lest any busy hand should, in her absence, meddle with her precious relics of the departed. A friend's carriage waited for us, and we were soon on our way. The shortest road to my house led by the church, but I had given directions that we should be driven another way. Ellen perceived my design in so doing, and she said—

"I thank you much; but I would rather go by the church. You can show me the place where —"

But she could not finish the sentence.

Under one of the noble elm-trees, of which there are several scattered about the churchyard, Charlie's body had been laid. I led Ellen to the little mound that marked the spot. It was already covered with daisies, and the golden sunshine fell, as if lovingly, upon it. I moved to a little distance, that the poor mother might feel herself alone: but she rejoined me in a few minutes, and in reply to my look of anxiety struggled to smile, saying—

"God comforts me much. I am glad I have been here. It was wrong to murmur at the sunshine and the joy as I did but an hour ago; they have a new and better meaning for me now."

Indeed, during the remainder of the day she appeared more composed than I had yet seen her since her affliction, and when we were parting for the night, she said that her mind was calm, though she thought till that day the suddenness of her trials had so stunned her, that she had hardly comprehended their extent.

As she ceased to speak, I heard a sound of slow and heavy wheels and the tread of several horses drawing near the house. I supposed I looked uneasy, for Ellen inquired, with a searching glance, if I knew what that sound meant. I tried to appear unconcerned as I answered, that it was doubtless occasioned by one of the many wagons that were constantly passing my door, and I urged her to retire to rest, as it was already midnight.

"No," she said, "I must see first what this is." And she placed herself at the window.

I stood beside her, trembling with the conviction that Mr. Cayley's information had been incorrect, and that the funeral procession of her husband was about to pass before Ellen's eyes. The rumbling of the wheels came slowly nearer. Presently there was a glare flung by many torches, which were borne by horsemen; these were immediately followed by a hearse, and the procession was closed by a few more horsemen, cloaked in black.

"It is even as I thought," said Ellen, turning to me. "I must follow at once."

I believed her mind wandered, and I went with her to her own room; but she threw a cloak about her, and tied a veil closely over her widow's cap. I then understood her meaning.

"Stop, Ellen," I cried, as she left the room

"If you will go, at least let me accompany you."

She waited for me on the stairs, and we left the house together, following the sad procession as it moved slowly down the street to the church. She walked steadily, refusing my assistance; but once my hand accidentally touched hers, and I started at its extreme coldness. When we entered the church, the friends and attendants of the dead, already assembled, made way for us, and we took our stand close at the head of the coffin. Not a sound escaped Ellen. Without wavering, without weeping, she stood by while the service was read, and even till the body was lowered into the dark vault. When all was done, and those present were preparing to depart, I laid my hand on her arm. Gentle as was the touch, she fell to the ground as if struck by a mortal blow. One deep groan escaped from her white lips, and then I thought, in truth, that her sorrowful spirit had flown to rejoin those she loved in a happier world. Many rushed forward to raise her from the floor, and she was quickly conveyed to my house, where, after several hours of insensibility, she awoke to a consciousness of all that had passed.

A long and dangerous illness was the consequence of my poor friend's last severe trial; but youth and a good constitution carried her through it. On being restored to health, she returned to her mother, who was rapidly sinking into a state

of utter imbecility. The old woman lingered another year, during which time I was constantly a visitor at the cottage. Her first question whenever she saw me, even to the last, was "Where's Charlie?" for there was some link in her remembrance between me and that beloved child. In all else her memory and intelligence were totally gone. One day I turned anxiously to Ellen, hearing her sigh as her mother pronounced the accustomed words; but she smiled faintly, and said—

"Do not fear for me now: I can bear it better than I once did."

On Mrs. Matley's death, I easily persuaded Ellen to become a permanent inmate of my house, and for fifteen years we shared the same home. I will not trust myself to speak of the hour in which she was taken from me. There is a second and a larger mound now beneath the old churchyard elm, and I often visit it, treading the narrow path worn by Ellen's feet in her daily visits of old to the grave of her child.

Within the church, on the side wall of the recess which contains the vault of the Courtlands, is a marble slab bearing a simple inscription to the memory of Ellen's husband, and recording in few words the manner of his death, and below this inscription are engraved the names of his wife and child, with the dates of their departure from this life.

An influential public meeting was held at Liverpool on 22d July—Mr. Brown, the new member for South Lancashire, in the chair—to memorialize the government on the subject of the present postal arrangements to and from Liverpool. The proceedings expanded from a local to a general character. Mr. Jeffrey spoke of Mr. Rowland Hill as the only man fit to administer with advantage the great reform of which he was the author. The same idea was embodied in one of the resolutions: it incorporated this assertion—

"That a post-office system carried to the utmost possible perfection, at whatever cost short of actual waste, would yield a larger revenue than has hitherto been derived from such a source; and therefore it appears most desirable, on every account—moral, social, commercial, and fiscal—that the whole of Mr. Rowland Hill's plans of post-office management should be carried into immediate effect, with all such further improvements as experience and new facilities may suggest; and that it is the opinion of this meeting that the services of Mr. Rowland Hill himself, in perfecting the post-office system, would be extremely valuable to the country."

A NEW attempt to raise a fund of 7000*l.* in order to purchase an annuity of 800*l.* a year for the Reverend Theobald Mathew, is advertised in our columns; and we are asked to support the effort. Donatives are suspicious things in Ireland. How can we avoid applying our own rules, and how will they fit this claim? In sooth, we confess that we are not disposed to apply them too strictly here. It is not clear what definite and stable results have followed Mr. Mathew's exertions; and there was no lack of inducement to the service, in the idolizing homage which the missionary of temperance has received. On the other hand, it is certain that a real and great service has been rendered: Mr. Mathew may not have created a well-informed and deliberate opinion against drunkenness; but he has

enlisted the affections of an ardent people on the side of temperance, and he has broken the long reign of debauch. He has removed one obstacle from the material improvement of the Irish people. His personal sacrifices have been very great, unstinted, stretched to the extent of his whole means. There is a generous trustfulness in that devotion, which in itself deserves acknowledgment. Fees for future service are of doubtful expediency; but assuredly a free gift to indemnify Theobald Mathew, to repay his generous trust, and to endow a good and benevolent man with the means of ease for the remainder of his life, would in this case be a merited, a graceful, and a pious tribute to virtue.—*Spectator*, August 1.

THE *Universal German Gazette* states, that an imperial ordinance has just been issued, permitting the Jews in Hungary to redeem, by the payment of a sum once paid down, their yearly taxes for leave to reside and carry on business. In five years all special duties on the Jews are to cease.

SPEAKING of the colonies generally, Lord John Russell declared that Lord Grey agreed with him in admitting the justice and expediency of extending free institutions as far as they possibly can be extended; his conviction being, that wherever Englishmen are assembled in great numbers, they are not so well governed by a secretary of state as by institutions which enable them in some degree to exercise self-government.

MR. GREEN, accompanied by no fewer than twelve ladies and gentlemen, ascended from Cremorne Gardens in his large Nassau balloon on Monday evening. The machine passed over London at a low altitude, affording an excellent view of the town to the voyagers, and of the balloon to townspeople. After being in the air fifty-two minutes, descended at Leyton, in Essex.

From Fraser's Magazine.

PROPOSALS FOR A CONTINUATION OF IVANHOE.

IN A LETTER TO MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE DUMAS,
BY MONSIEUR MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.*To the Most Noble Alexandre Dumas, Marquis
Davy de la Pailleterie.*

MY LORD—Permit a humble literary practitioner in England, and a profound admirer of your works, to suggest a plan for increasing your already great popularity in this country. We are laboring, my lord, under a woful dearth of novels. Fashionable novels we get, it is true; the admirable Mrs. Gore produces half-a-dozen or so in a season; but one can't live upon fashionable novels alone, and the mind wearies rather with perpetual descriptions of balls at D—— House, of fashionable doings at White's or Crocky's, of ladies' toilettes, of Gunter's suppers, of déjeûners, Almack's, French cookery, French phrases and the like, which have been, time out of mind, the main ingredient of the genteel novel with us. As for historical novelists, they are, or seem to be, asleep among us. What have we had from a great and celebrated author since he gave us the *Last of the Barons*? Nothing but a pamphlet about the Water-cure, which, although it contained many novel and surprising incidents, still is far from being sufficient for a ravenous public. Again, where is Mr. James? Where is that teeming parent of romance? No tales have been advertised by him for time out of mind—from him who used to father a dozen volumes a year. We get, it is true, reprints of his former productions, and are accommodated with *Darnley* and *Delorme* in single volumes; but, ah, sir! (or my lord,) those who are accustomed to novelty and live in excitement, grow sulky at meeting with old friends, however meritorious, and are tired of reading and re-reading even the works of Mr. James. Where, finally, is the famous author, upon the monthly efforts of whose genius all the country was dependent? Where is the writer of the *Tower of London*, *Saint James*, *Old Saint Paul's*, &c.? What has become of the *Revelations of London*? That mystic work is abruptly discontinued, and revealed to us no more; and though, to be sure, *Old Saint Paul's* is reprinted with its awful history of the plague and the fire, yet, my dear sir, we are familiar with the plague and the fire already; our feelings were first harrowed by *Old Saint Paul's* in a weekly newspaper, then we had the terrible story revealed altogether in three volumes with cuts. Can we stand it reprinted in the columns of a contemporary magazine? My feelings of disappointment can't be described when, on turning to the same periodical, attracted thither by the announcement of a story called *Jackomo Omberello*, (I have a bad memory for names,) I found only a reprint of a tale by my favorite author, which had appeared in an annual years ago. There is a lull, sir—a dearth of novelists. We live upon translations of your works; of those of M. Eugène Sue, your illustrious *confrère*; of those of the tragic and mysterious Soulié, that master of the criminal code; and of the ardent and youthful Paul Féval, who competes with all three.

I, for my part, am one of the warmest admirers of the new system which you pursue in France with so much success—of the twenty-volume-novel system I like continuations. I have read

every word of *Monte-Cristo* with the deepest interest; and was never more delighted after getting through a dozen volumes of the *Three Musketeers*, than when Mr. Rolandi furnished me with another dozen of the continued history of the same heroes under the title of *Vingt Ans après*; and if one could get the lives of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis until they were 120 years old, I am sure we should all read with pleasure. Here is the recess coming—the season over—no debates to read—and no novels!

But suppose that heroes of romance, after eighty or ninety years of age, grow a thought superannuated, and are no longer fit for their former task of amusing the public; suppose you have exhausted most of your heroes, and brought them to an age when it is best that the old gentlemen should retire; why not, my dear sir, I suggest, take up other people's heroes, and give a continuation of *their* lives? There are numbers of Walter Scott's novels that I always felt were incomplete. The Master of Ravenswood, for instance, disappears, it is true, at the end of the *Bride of Lammermoor*. His hat is found, that is to say, on the sea-shore, and you suppose him drowned; but I have always an idea that he has floated out to sea, and his adventure might recommence—in a maritime novel, say—on board the ship which picked him up. No man can induce me to believe that the adventures of Quentin Durward ceased the day after he married Isabelle de Croye. People survive even marriage; their sufferings don't end with that blessed incident in their lives. Do we take leave of our friends, or cease to have an interest in them, the moment they drive off in the chaise and the wedding-déjeûné is over? Surely not! and it is unfair upon married folks to advance that your bachelors are your only heroes.

Of all the Scottish novels, however, that of which the conclusion gives me the greatest dissatisfaction is the dear old *Ivanhoe*—*Evannoay*, as you call it in France. From the characters of Rowena, of Rebecca, of Ivanhoe, I feel sure that the story can't end where it does. I have quite too great a love for the disinherited knight, whose blood has been fired by the sons of Palestine, and whose heart has been warmed in the company of the tender and beautiful Rebecca, to suppose that he could sit down contented for life by the side of such a frigid piece of propriety as that icy, faultless, prim, niminy-piminy Rowena. That woman is intolerable, and I call upon you, sir, with your great powers of eloquence, to complete this fragment of a novel, and to do the real heroine justice.

I have thrown together a few hints, which, if you will do me the favor to cast your eyes over them, might form matter, I am sure, sufficient for many, many volumes of a continuation of *Ivanhoe*; and remain, with assurances of profound consideration,

Sir,

Your sincere admirer,
M. A. TITMARSH.

No person who has read the preceding volumes of this history can doubt for a moment what was the result of the marriage between Wilfrid and Rowena. Those who have marked her conduct during her maidenhood, her distinguished politeness, her spotless modesty of demeanor, her unalterable coolness under all circumstances, and her lofty and gentle-woman-like bearing, must be sure

that her married conduct would equal her spinster behavior, and that Rowena the wife would be a pattern of correctness for all the matrons of England.

Such was the fact. For miles around Rotherwood her character for piety was known. Her castle was a rendezvous for all the clergy and monks of the district, whom she fed with the richest viands, while she pinched herself upon pulse and water. There was not an invader, the three ridings, Saxon or Norman, but the palfrey of the Lady Rowena might be seen journeying to his door, in company with Father Glauber her almoner, and Brother Thomas of Epsom, her leech. She lighted up all the churches in Yorkshire with wax-candles, the offerings of her piety. The bells of her chapel began to ring at two o'clock in the morning; and all the domestics of Rotherwood were called upon to attend at matins, at complins, at none, at vespers, and at sermon. I need not say that fasting was observed with all the rigors of the church; and that those of the servants of the Lady Rowena were looked upon with the most favor whose hair shirts were the roughest, and who flagellated themselves with the most becoming perseverance.

Whether it was that this discipline cleared poor Wamba's wits or cooled his humor, it is certain that he became the most melancholy fool in England, and if ever he ventured upon a joke to the shuddering, poor servitors who were mumbling their dry crusts below the salt, it was such a faint and stale one, that nobody dared to laugh at the timid innuendoes of the unfortunate wag, and a sickly smile was the best applause he could muster. Once, indeed, Guffo, the goose-boy, (a half-witted poor wretch,) laughed outright at a lamentably stale pun which Wamba palmed upon him at supper-time. It was dark, and the torches being brought in, Wamba said, "Guffo, they can't see their way in the argument, and are going to throw a little light upon the subject."* The Lady Rowena, being disturbed in a theological controversy with Father Willibald, (afterwards canonized as St. Willibald of Bareacres, hermit and confessor,) called out to know what was the cause of the unseemly interruption, and Guffo and Wamba being pointed out as the culprits, ordered them straightway into the court-yard, and three dozen to be administered to each of them.

"I got you out of Front de Bœuf's castle," said poor Wamba, piteously, appealing to Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, "and canst thou not save me from the lash?"

"Where you were locked up with the Jewess in the tower!" said Rowena, haughtily, replying to the timid appeal to her husband; "Gurth, give him four dozen!"

And this was all poor Wamba got by applying for the mediation of his master.

In fact, Rowena knew her own dignity so well as a princess of the royal blood of England, that Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, her consort, could scarcely call his life his own, and was made, in all things, to feel the inferiority of his station. And which

of us is there acquainted with the sex that has not remarked this propensity in lovely woman, and how often the wisest in the council are made to be as fools at her board, and the boldest in the battlefield are craven when facing her distaff?

"Where you were locked up with the Jewess in the tower," is a remark, too, of which Wilfrid keenly felt, and, perhaps, the reader will understand, the significance. When the daughter of Isaac of York brought her diamonds and rubies—the poor, gentle victim!—and, meekly laying them at the feet of the conquering Rowena, departed into foreign lands to tend the sick of her people, and to brood over the bootless passion which consumed her own pure heart, one would have thought that the heart of the royal lady would have melted before such beauty and humility, and that she would have been generous in the moment of her victory.

In fact, she *did* say, "Come and live with me as a sister," as the last chapter of this history shows; but Rebecca knew in her heart that her ladyship's proposition was what is called *bosh*, (in that noble Eastern language with which Wilfrid, the Crusader, was familiar,) or fudge, in plain Saxon, and retired, with a broken, gentle spirit, neither able to bear the sight of her rival's happiness, nor willing to disturb it by the contrast of her own wretchedness. Rowena, like the most high-bred and virtuous of women, never forgave Isaac's daughter her beauty, nor her flirtation with Wilfrid, (as the Saxon lady chose to term it,) nor, above all, her admirable diamonds and jewels, although Rowena was actually in possession of them.

In a word, she was always flinging Rebecca into Ivanhoe's teeth. There was not a day in his life but that unhappy warrior was made to remember that a Jewish maiden had been in love with him, and that a Christian lady of fashion could never forgive the insult. For instance, if Gurth, the swine-herd, who was now promoted to be a game-keeper and verderer, brought the account of a famous wild-boar in the wood, and proposed a hunt, Rowena would say, "Do, Sir Wilfrid, persecute those poor pigs—you know your friends the Jews can't abide them!" Or when, as it oft would happen, our lion-hearted monarch, Richard, in order to get a loan or a benevolence from the Jews, would roast a few of the Hebrew capitalists, or extract some of the principal rabbi's teeth, Rowena would exult and say, "Serve them right, the misbelieving wretches! England can never be a happy country until every one of these monsters is exterminated!" Or else, adopting a strain of still more savage sarcasm, would exclaim, "Ivanhoe, my dear, more persecution for the Jews! Had n't you better interfere, my love? His majesty will do anything for you; and, you know, the Jews were *always* such favorites of yours," or words to that effect. But, nevertheless, her ladyship never lost an opportunity of wearing Rebecca's jewels at court, whenever the queen held a drawing-room, or at the York assizes and ball, when she appeared there, not of course that she took any interest in such things, but considered it her duty to attend as one of the chief ladies of the court.

And now Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, having attained the height of his wishes, was, like many a man when he has reached that dangerous elevation, disappointed. Ah, dear friends, is it but too often so in life! Many a garden, seen from a distance,

* I knew an old lady in my youth, who, for many years, used to make this joke every night regularly when candles were brought in, and all of us in her family were expected to laugh. Surely it is time that a piece of fun which has been in activity for seven hundred years should at length be laid up in ordinary; and this paper will not have been written altogether in vain if this good end can be brought about.—M. A. T.

looks fresh and green, which, when beheld closely, is dismal and weedy, the shady walks melancholy and grass grown; the bowers you would fain repose in cushioned with stinging nettles. I have ridden in a caïque upon the waters of the Bosphorus, and looked upon the capital of the Soldan of Turkey. As seen from those blue waters, with palace and pinnacle, with gilded dome and towering cypress, it seemeth a very Paradise of Mahomed; but enter the city, and it is but a beggarly labyrinth of rickety huts and dirty alleys, where the ways are steep and the smells are foul, tenanted by mangy dogs and ragged beggars—a dismal illusion! Life is such, ah, well-a-day! It is only hope which is real, and reality is a bitterness and a lie.

Perhaps a man, with Ivanhoe's high principles, would never bring himself to acknowledge this fact; but others did for him. He grew thin, and pined away as much as if he had been in a fever under the scorching sun of Ascalon. He had no appetite for his meals; he slept ill, though he was yawning all day. The jangling of the doctors and friars whom Rowena brought together did not in the least enliven him, and he would sometimes give proofs of somnolency during their disputes, greatly to the consternation of his lady. He hunted a good deal, and, I very much fear, as Rowena rightly remarked, that he might have an excuse for being absent from home. He began to like wine, too, who had been as sober as a hermit; and when he came back from Athelstane's, (whither he would repair not unfrequently,) the unsteadiness of his gait and the unnatural brilliancy of his eye were remarked by his lady, who, you may be sure, was sitting up for him. As for Athelstane, he swore by St. Wulstan that he was glad to have escaped a marriage with such a pattern of propriety; and honest Cedric the Saxon (who had been very speedily driven out of his daughter-in-law's castle) vowed by St. Waltheof that his son had bought a dear bargain.

It was while enjoying this dismal, but respectable existence, that news came to England that Wilfrid's royal master and friend was bent upon that expedition against his vassal, the Count of Limoges, which was to end so fatally before the Castle of Chalus. As a loyal subject, Sir Wilfrid hastened, with a small band of followers, to the assistance of his master, taking with him Gurth, his squire, who vowed he would have joined Robin Hood but for that, and Wamba the Jester, who cut a good joke for the first time, as he turned head-over-heels when the Castle of Rowena was once fairly out of sight.

I omit here a chapter about the siege of Chalus, which, it is manifest, can be spun out to any length to which an enterprising publisher would be disposed to go. Single combats, or combats of companies, scaladoss, ambuscadoes, rapid acts of horsemanship, destriers, catapults, mangonels, and other properties of the chivalric drama, are at the use of the commonest writer; and I am sure, my dear sir, you have too good an opinion of me to require that these weapons should be dragged out, piece by piece, from the armory, and that you will take my account for granted.

A chapter about famine in the garrison may be rendered particularly striking. I would suggest as a good contrast a description of tremendous feasting in the camp of Richard, in honor of his queen, Berengaria, with a display of antiquarian

cookery (all descriptions of eating are pleasant in works of fiction, and can scarcely be made too savory or repeated too often;) and, in the face of this carousing without the walls, the most dismal hunger raging within. That there must be love-passages between the hostile armies is quite clear. And what do you say to the Marquis of Limoges and his sons casting lots about being eaten?—with a motto from Ugolino and a fine display of filial piety!

The assault may be made very fine, too—the last assault. The old chieftain of Chalus and his sons dropping down, one by one, before the crushing curtal-axe of Richard.

“Ha, St. Richard!—ha, St. George!” the tremendous voice of the lion-king was heard over the loudest roar of the battle; at every sweep of his blade a severed head flew over the parapet, a spouting trunk tumbled, bleeding, on the flags of the bartizan. The world hath never seen such a warrior as that lion-hearted Plantagenet, as he raged over the keep, his eyes flashing fire through the bars of his morion, snorting and chafing with the hot lust of battle. One by one *les enfans de Chalus* fell down before him: there was only one left at last of all the brave race that in the morning had fought round the stout Sir Enguerrand:—only one, and but a boy—a fair-haired boy, a blue-eyed boy! he had been gathering pansies in the fields but yesterday—it was but a few years, and he was a baby in his mother's arms! What could his puny sword do against the most redoubted blade in Christendom!—and yet Bohemond faced the great champion of England, and met him foot to foot! Turn away, turn away, fond mother! Enguerrand de Chalus bewail the last of thy race! his blade is crushed into splinters under the axe of the conqueror, and the poor child is beaten to his knee!

“Now, by St. Barbaque of Limoges,” said Bertrand de Gourdon, “the butcher will never strike down yonder lambling! Hold thy hand, Sir King, or, by St. Barbaque—”

Swift as thought the veteran archer raised his arblast to his shoulder, the whizzing bolt fled from the ringing string, and the next moment crushed quivering into the corslet of Plantagenet.

‘T was a luckless shot, Bertrand of Gourdon! Maddened by the pain of the wound, the brute nature of Richard was aroused: his fiendish appetite for blood rose to madness, and grinding his teeth, and with a curse too horrible to mention, the flashing axe of the royal butcher fell down on the blond ringlets of the child, and the children of Chalus were no more!

I just throw this off by way of description, and to show what *might* be done. Now ensues a splendid picture of a general massacre of the garrison, who are all murdered to a man, with the exception of Bertrand de Gourdon. Ivanhoe, of course, saves *him* for the moment; but we all know what his fate was. Bertrand was flayed alive after Richard's death; and as I don't recollect any chapter in any novel where a man's being skinned alive is described, I would suggest this as an excellent subject for a powerful and picturesque pen. Ivanhoe, of course, is stricken down and left for dead in trying to defend honest Bertrand. And now if ever there was a good finale for a volume, it is the death of Richard.

“You must die, my son,” said the venerable Walter of Rouen, as Berengaria was carried

shrieking from the king's tent. "Repent, Sir King, and separate yourself from your children!"

"It is ill-jesting with a dying man," replied the king. "Children have I none, my good lord bishop, to inherit after me."

"Richard of England," said the archbishop, turning up his fine eyes, "your vices are your children. Ambition is your eldest child, Cruelty is your second child, Luxury is your third child; and you have nourished them from your youth up. Separate yourself from these sinful ones, and prepare your soul, for the hour of departure draweth nigh."

Violent, wicked, sinful, as he might have been, Richard of England met his death like a Christian man. Peace be to the soul of the brave! When the news came to King Philip of France, he sternly forbade his courtiers to rejoice at the death of his enemy. "It is no matter of joy but of dolour," he said, "that the bulwark of Christendom and the bravest king of Europe is no more."

I need not point out to a gentleman of your powers of mind how aptly, with a few moral reflections in a grave and dirge-like key, this volume of the Continuation of Ivanhoe may conclude.

As for the second volume, King John is on the throne of England. Shakespear, Hume, and the *Biographie Universelle*, are at hand. Prince Arthur, Magna Charta, Cardinal Pandolfo, suggest themselves to the mind at once; and the deuce is in it if out of these one cannot form a tolerably exciting volume.

For instance, in the first part a disguised knight becomes the faithful servant of young Arthur (perhaps Constance of Brittany may fall in love with the mysterious knight, but that is neither here nor there,) attends young Arthur, I say, watches him through a hundred perplexities, and, of course, is decoyed away—just happens to step out, as it were, when the poor young prince is assassinated by his savage uncle.

The disguised knight vows revenge; he stirs up the barons against the king, and what is the consequence? No less a circumstance than Magna Charta, the palladium of Britons. The Frenchmen land under the Dauphin Louis, son of Philip Augustus. He makes the grandest offers to the unknown knight. Scornful resistance of the latter, and defeat of the Frenchmen.

And now I am sure you have no need to ask who is this disguised knight. Ivanhoe, of course! But why disguised? In the first place, in a novel, it is very hard if a knight or any other gentleman can't disguise himself without any reason at all; but there is a reason for Ivanhoe's disguising himself, and a most painful reason, ROWENA WAS MARRIED AGAIN.

After the siege of Chalus, the faithful Gurth, covered with wounds, came back to Rotherwood, and brought the sad news of the death of the lion-hearted Plantagenet, and his truest friend, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe. Wounded to death in endeavoring to defend honest Bertrand de Gourdon, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe had been carried back to his tent, where he expired in the arms of his faithful squire, after giving him the lock of Rowena's hair which he had in a brooch, and his gold thumb-ring, which she had presented to him, and which bore his signature and seal of arms. "There was another

lock of hair round my noble master's neck," sobbed Gurth to Cedric in secret.

"Was it mine?" asked the bereaved old thane.

"Yours is red, my lord, and that was black," answered Gurth—"as black as the ringlets of the fair Jewish maid he rescued in the lists of Templestowe."

Of course not a word was breathed about this fact to Rowena, who received the news of her husband's death with that resignation which became her character, and who, though she did not show any outward signs of emotion at the demise of her lord, must yet have been profoundly affected, because she wore the deepest mourning any of the milliners' shops in York could produce, and erected a monument to him as big as a minster.

That she married again the stupid Athelstane when her time of mourning was expired, is a matter of course, about which no person familiar with life could doubt for a moment. Cardinal Pandolfo did the business for them, and lest there should be any doubt about Ivanhoe's death, (for his body was never sent home after all,) his eminence procured a papal rescript annulling the former marriage, so that she might become Mrs. Athelstane with a clear conscience. That she was happier with the boozy and stupid thane than with the gentle and melancholy Wilfrid need surprise no one. Women have a predilection for fools, and have loved donkeys long before the amours of Bottom and Titania. That he was brutal and drunken, and that he beat her, and that she liked it and was happy, and had a large family, may be imagined; for there are some women—bless them!—who pine unless they are bullied, and think themselves neglected if not occasionally belabored. But this I feel is getting too *intime*. Suffice it that Mr. and Mrs. Athelstane were a great deal happier than Mr. and Mrs. Ivanhoe.

And now, with your permission, I would suggest two or three sentimental chapters. Ivanhoe—disguised of course—returns to this country, travels into the north of England, arrives at York, (where the revels of King John may be described,) and takes an opportunity, when a Jew is being submitted to the torture, of inquiring what has become of Rebecca, daughter of Isaac. "Has she returned to England?" he cursorily asks. "No, she is still at Granada, where her people are held in honor at the court of Boabdil." He revisits her house, the chamber where she tended him; indulges in old recollections, discovers the depth of his passion for her, and bewails his lot in life, that he is lonely, wretched, and an outcast.

Shall he go to Rotherwood and see once more the scenes of his youth? Can he bear to witness the happiness of Athelstane and Rowena the bride of another? He will go if it be but to visit his father's grave, for Cedric is dead by this time, as you may imagine; and, supposing his son dead, has left all his property to Rowena. Indeed it was the old Thane who insisted upon her union with Athelstane, being bent upon renewing his scheme for the establishment of a Saxon dynasty.

Well, Ivanhoe arrives at Rotherwood.

You might have thought for a moment that the grey friar trembled and his shrunken cheek looked deadly pale; but he recovered himself presently, nor could you see his pallor for the cowl which covered his face.

A little boy was playing on Athelstane's knee,

Rowena, smiling and patting the Saxon Thane fondly on his broad bull-head, filled him a huge cup of spiced wine from a golden hanap. He drained a quart of the liquor, and, turning round, addressed the friar—

"And so, Grey Frere, thou sawest good King Richard fall at Chalus by the bolt of that felon bowman?"

"We did, an it please you. The brothers of our house attended the good king in his last moments; in truth, he made a Christian ending!"

"And didst thou see the archer flayed alive? It must have been rare sport," roared Athelstane, laughing hugely at the joke. "How the fellow must have howled!"

"My love!" said Rowena, interposing tenderly, and putting a pretty white finger on his lip.

"I would have liked to see it too," cried the boy.

"That's my own little Cedric, and so thou shalt. And, friar, didst see my poor kinsman Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe? They say he tried to defend the man. The more fool he!"

"My sweet lord," again interposed Rowena, "mention him not."

"Why? Because thou and he were so tender in days of yore—when you could not bear my plain face, being all in love with his pale one?"

"Those times are past now, dear Athelstane," said his affectionate wife, looking up to the ceiling.

"Marry, thou never couldst forgive him the Jewess, Rowena."

"The odious hussy! don't mention the name of the unbelieving creature," exclaimed the lady.

"Well, well, poor Will was a good lad—a thought melancholy and milksop though. Why a pint of sack fuddled his poor brains."

"Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe was a good lance," said the friar. "I have heard there was none better in Christendom. He lay in our convent after his wounds, and it was there we tended him till he died. He was buried in our north cloister."

"And there's an end of him," said Athelstane.

"But come, this is dismal talk. Where's Wamba the jester! Let us have a song. Stir up, Wamba, and don't lie like a log in the fire! Sing us a song, thou crack-brained jester, and leave off whimpering for bygones. Tush, man! There be many good fellows left in this world."

"There be buzzards in eagles' nests," Wamba said, who was lying stretched before the fire sharing the hearth with the thane's dogs; "there be dead men alive and live men dead; there be merry songs and dismal songs. Marry, and the merriest are the saddest sometimes. I will leave off motley and wear black, Gossip Athelstane. I will turn howler at funerals, and then, perhaps, I shall be merry. Motley is fit for mutes and black for fools. Give me some drink, gossip, for my voice is as cracked as my brain."

"Drink and sing, thou beast, and cease prating," the thane said.

And Wamba, touching his rebeck wildly, sat up in the chimney-side and curled his lean shanks together and began:—

Ho! pretty page, with dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,

All your aim is woman to win.

This is the way that boys begin.

Wait till you've come to forty year!

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,

Billing and cooing is all your cheer,
Sighing and singing of midnight strains
Under Bonnybells' window-panes.

Wait till you've come to forty year!

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,

Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,

All good fellows whose beards are gray;
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome, ere
Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,

The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper and we not list
Or look away and never be missed,
Ere yet a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier,

How I loved her twenty years' syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here,
Alive and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

"Who taught thee that merry lay, Wamba, thou son of Witless?" roared Athelstane, clattering his cup on the table and shouting the chorus.

"It was a good and holy hermit, sir, the pious clerk of Copmanhurst, that you wot of, who played many a prank with us in the days that we knew King Richard. Ah, noble sir, that was a jovial time and a good priest."

"They say the holy priest is sure of the next bishopric, my love," said Rowena. "His majesty hath taken him into much favor. My lord of Huntingdon looked very well at the last ball, though I never could see any beauty in the countess—a freckled, blowsy thing, whom they used to call Maid Marian; though, for the matter of that, what between her flirtations with Major Littlejohn and Captain Scarlett, really —"

"Jealous again, haw! haw!" laughed Athelstane.

"I am above jealousy, and scorn it," Rowena answered, drawing herself up very majestically.

"Well, well, Wamba's was a good song," Athelstane said.

"Nay, a wicked song," said Rowena, turning up her eyes as usual. "What! rail at woman's love? Prefer a filthy wine-cup to a true wife? Woman's love is eternal, my Athelstane. He who questions it would be a blasphemer were he not a fool. The well-born and well-nurtured gentlewoman loves once and once only."

"I pray you, madam, pardon me, I—I am not well," said the grey friar, rising abruptly from his settle, and tottering down the steps of the dais. Wamba sprang after him, his bells jingling as he rose, and casting his arms round the apparently fainting man, he led him away into the court. "There be dead men alive and live men dead," whispered he. "There be coffins to laugh at and marriages to cry over. Said I not sooth, holy

friar?" And when they had got out into the solitary court, which was deserted by all the followers of the thane, who were mingling in the drunken revelry in the hall, Wamba, seeing that none were by, knelt down, and kissing the friar's garment, said, "I knew thee, I knew thee, my lord and my liege!"

"Get up," said Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, scarcely able to articulate; "only fools are faithful."

And he passed on and into the little chapel where his father lay buried. All night long the friar spent there, and Wamba the jester lay outside watching as mute as the saint over the porch.

When the morning came Gurth and Wamba were gone; but the absence of the pair was little heeded by the Lady Rowena, who was bound for York, where his majesty King John was holding a court.

Here you have an idea of the first part of the narrative. And I think there is nothing unsatisfactorily accounted for but Ivanhoe's mysterious silence during four or five years. For though Rowena married the day after her mourning was out, there is not the slightest blame to be cast on her, for she was a woman of such high principle, that had she known her husband was alive she never would have thought of such a thing. As for Ivanhoe's keeping his existence secret, that I consider is a point which, as hero of a novel, he has perfectly a right to do. He may have been delirious from the effects of his wounds for three or four years, or he may have been locked up and held to ransom by some ferocious baron of the Limousin. When he became acquainted with Rowena's second marriage there was a reason for his keeping *incog*. Delicacy forbade him to do otherwise. And if the above hints suit you, and you can make three or four volumes out of them, as I have little doubt you will be able to do, I will take the liberty, my dear sir, of finishing the tale in the September number.

THE SPEAKING AUTOMATON.

VARIOUS attempts have been made by mechanical agency to imitate the human voice, but hitherto, we believe, with very partial success. The praise of overcoming the difficulty has been reserved for a German artist. With the ingenuity for which his countrymen are famous he has constructed a speaking machine, which utters every sound of which the human organ is capable, with surprising distinctness; which whispers, speaks aloud, laughs, sings, talks, in every language, and repeats any form of words that any visitor may require. Professor Faber is the inventor of this new marvel. He has brought it from Vienna, where it was exhibited with great applause; and has, during the early part of the week, exhibited it in a room in the Egyptian-hall, to assemblages distinguished for rank and for scientific attainments. The result has been highly satisfactory.

The machine has been constructed from an attentive observation of the human organs of articulation; and the professor, by closely following nature in the formation of lungs, larynx, and mouth, has been able to make his machine extremely simple and manageable. There is no charlatanism about it; all the arrangements are exposed, and the professor invites the closest inspection of them.

The first thing that strikes the spectator on regarding the machine is a figure, life-size, dressed in Oriental costume. The mouth of this figure alone moves. At the back of the head is an apparatus like the bellows to a blacksmith's forge, which acts as lungs for a supply of air necessary to articulation. Then, on one side are a number of keys, not unlike those of a pianoforte, communicating with the internal arrangements of the figure. By touching these singly, the sounds of the alphabet are produced, and, by touching them in combination, words and sentences are rapidly uttered. Nothing can be more simple and ingenious than the whole arrangement, nothing more surprising than the effects produced. The appearance would, however, be more scientific if the figure, which answers no purpose, were altogether dispensed with.

The German alphabet is uttered more distinctly than the English alphabet—in fact the machine speaks English with a German accent, but some sounds common to both languages are given with astonishing accuracy, as *f*, *m*, *n*, *s*, and *x*. So in sentences the German pronunciation is clearer than the English; but even in the latter tongue many of the words are perfectly spoken. In the sentence, "How do you do, ladies and gentlemen?" it is difficult to believe that the last word is not spoken by a human voice. Generally, too, the numerals are correctly uttered, as "twenty-one," "one hundred and thirty-six," the complex sounds appearing more distinct than the simple ones. The liquid sound of *u* is but imperfectly rendered; all the consonants are pronounced more accurately than the vowels. Professor Faber works the machine nearly, if not quite, as rapidly as a person can speak. Its pronunciation of English is certainly better than his own.

He has been twenty years in bringing this singular and beautiful piece of mechanism to its present state of efficiency, yet it is still evidently capable of great improvement. The principles on which it is constructed allow of the most perfect accuracy in speech and sound being attained. In singing the machine gives promise of brilliant vocalization. Really it would be rash to predict that Grisi and Lablache would much longer retain their fame. Successive improvements may, perhaps, give this machine powers that will rival the trill of the nightingale and the lark, and defy all competition from the human organ.

The most amusement is produced by the laughter of the machine. Without being perfectly natural, it is so grotesquely life-like as to provoke genuine merriment from all who hear it. Another amusing portion of the performance is when it speaks as if laboring under the effect of a bad cold.

Professor Faber seems absolutely devoted to his instrument. A child of his own creation, he has the fondness of a parent for it, and is continually developing new capacities in it. He appears to be a mechanical genius, and to have an extraordinary ear for sound. He is very intelligent, and has an intellectual head; his face is marked with traces of careful study. He is advancing in years, turned of fifty we think, and is short in person, with quick and rapid gestures. Being but very imperfectly acquainted with English himself, he labors under the difficulty of not immediately catching the exact pronunciation of the words his machine has to repeat. But, allowing for this, the invention is truly extraordinary, and a perfect triumph of

mechanical skill. One is tempted to think while listening to the heaven-given faculty of language, so well imitated by art, that this is, perhaps, the nearest approach it is possible for human ingenuity to make, towards realizing Mrs. Shelley's conception of a man-created being.—*Britannia*.

WINTER SPORTS IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

YATCHING on the frozen Kenebekasis was but a frigid amusement at the best. The manufacture of an ice-boat is simple enough; over two long skates are placed any construction sufficient to hold the party, and a long pole is lashed across at right angles, which prevents the boat from capsizing. When the wind is high, she flies over the ice at a most terrific rate; and goes so near the wind that the least touch of the helm sends her round, when she is instantly off again on the other tack. A favorite amusement is coasting. On moonlight nights, a party repair to the top of some steep frozen descent, and ladies and gentlemen in pairs seat themselves upon sleighs or coasters and push them off. After a thaw the frost makes the surface of the snow as glare ice; the pace is then awful, and the roll in the snow proportionate. They are steered in their headlong descent by a slight pressure of the heel; but the Bluenose ladies, being more *au fait* at it than we were, sat in front and guided them.

The meeting of the Tandem Club was a very gay affair; twice in each week, twenty sleighs, painted of the most gaudy colors, and decked out with furs of all kinds, trimmed with fringe of different colors, drove off from the barracks or other rendezvous. The last married lady was selected as chaperon, and there were plenty of fair candidates for the drive. The brass band and merry bells added not a little to the cheerfulness of the scene.

The sleighs used in New Brunswick are of all forms and kinds—from that constructed with a couple of ashpoles (a nick alone distinguishing where the runners terminate and the shafts commence) with a few boards placed across to support a barrel, in which the victim sits or stands, to the double or single sleighs on high runners, not forgetting the Madawaska cariole, the height and luxury and the perfection of locomotion, and in which you recline, covered up to the chin in furs. It is absolutely necessary in the construction of a sleigh that the "runners" should be a good distance apart, and "flare out" sufficiently; for, should the road be covered with ice and "bogged up" in the centre, the sleigh will slide to one side with great velocity, particularly when turning a corner sharp. This is called "*slewing*," and the slightest impediment on the ice will be sufficient to upset the sleigh. When a "*slew*" takes place, it is necessary to pull the shaft-horse *with it*—a beginner is sure to do exactly the reverse, and is certain to be capsized. Even a high wind is sufficient to blow a sleigh round in an exposed situation, and upon "glare ice," when an upset is likely to happen, unless the runners "flare out" well at bottom.

I originally purchased a sleigh with faulty runners, and had several upsets and smashes, on which occasions the wreck alone of the "conveyance" reached barracks. One day, out sleighing on the Kenebekasis, the ice was glare, and in the

most perfect order: there was not the slightest draught, and my horses were trotting along merrily at the rate of twelve miles an hour, when, all at once, a squall of wind caught the sleigh and spun it round; and the runners at the same time encountering some roughness on the surface, the sleigh was upset, and the horses, as is generally the case, instantly set off at full gallop; for some time I was held in by the apron, and slipped along on my side, keeping a tight hold of the reins. The leader was galloping like a Caraboo, and the shaft-horse giving occasional kicks at the mass of encumbrance about his heels. At length the apron gave way, and, still holding on by "the ribbons," I was jerked off in the manner of one of those swings used in gymnastic academies, to be as quickly banged against the splash-board; and, four or five of these *coups* coming in quick succession, I was obliged to shorten my hold of the reins, and, the distance between the shaft-horse's heels and my head being in consequence much diminished, I thought with the knight "that discretion was the better part of valor," and—let go.

On getting up and shaking myself, I saw my servant, who had been pitched out of the hind seat, some three quarters of a mile behind, and the distance between him and myself preserved in perspective by sundry cushions, skins, linings, and bits of fringe; and, on turning to look after the sleigh, I had the felicity to see the horses still going "Derby pace," and just debouching from the ice, "steering wild" for a gap in a "zigzag" fence. Bang they went against the rails, giving the *coup de grace* to the proceeding, and going well away into the woods with the shafts dangling about their heels. I then built a new sleigh.

The painting and trimming up of the sleigh depend much upon the taste of the possessor; the general colors are dark bodies, with scarlet runners. I found that a white ground, picked out with bright vermilion, and bear and buffalo skins, with a liberal quantity of deep scarlet curtain fringe, and scarlet cloth, cut into scallops, arranged in studied confusion, the whole furnished with a huge pair of moose-horns in front, looked extremely light and gay on the snow; and the white, from being relieved by the vermilion, had no dirty appearance when contrasted with the snow.—*The Backwoods*.

POPE Pius the Ninth proceeds excellently with his intelligent career: the political amnesty is published, and it is right hearty in its terms. The exceptions are not extensive, nor absolute, nor altogether improper. It has created quite a sensation in Rome, and the warm applause which it has elicited may be a good lesson to persevere. Should the pope continue in this track of wise liberality, it must have an effect far beyond the pale of his own secular domain: Austria would be quite unable to withstand so new an influence in her neighborhood, and her system of hard tyranny must be broken up. It is curious to see the germs of a peaceful revolution in Rome, the headquarters of the old despotic bigotry; but Pius seems, from present appearances, to have the heart, the head, and the courage, to know what a wise pontiff might do to save his country from the rebellious consequences of intolerable oppression.—*Spectator*, August 1.

From the North British Review.

The Life and Correspondence of John Foster. Edited by J. E. RYLAND. With *Notices of Mr. Foster as a Preacher and a Companion*, by JOHN SHEPHERD, Author of *Thoughts on Devotion*, &c., &c. In Two Volumes. London, 1846. Republished by Wiley & Putnam, New York.

ALTHOUGH so recently removed from among us, and so lately employing his pen upon the themes of the day, John Foster—every reader of these volumes must feel it—belongs to an era gone by—an era not defunct in the course of natural decay, or because it had lived on to spend its forces, but because it has been thrust out by the energies of the now present period. Foster's "times" have been superannuated by the vehemence of the times we live in; himself possessed, as he is, unquestionably, as a writer, of a bright and fair immortality, the things with which he was concerned, the opinions he maintained, along with the opinions he so warmly denounced, have already faded into the distance of history; few, if any, of his ominous forebodings have come upon us, and as few of his anticipations of the spread and triumph of the principles he so confidently deemed to be good, have been realized. The cycle of a very few years, with their mighty changes—changes, some ostensible and some occult, has brought us to a position whence John Foster's period may be looked at along with John Milton's.

It was not so with Arnold. Arnold died, as if designedly, at a moment the best for bringing before the world, with a startling vividness, the greatness and the high import of those transitions, theological, moral, and political, which we were then, and are now, passing through. His "Life and Correspondence" was like a sudden and an unlooked for summing up of the evidence, while the cause is still in hearing. Those signal letters, dated "Fox How" and "Rugby," were "dispatches" written upon the field, and sent off while the enemy is still in sight and intrenched; and the hold they took of men's minds was attributable, not simply to their intrinsic force, but to the reader's own consciousness of being personally implicated in the issue:—hopes and alarms, touching a man's social or political well-being, or that of his children, opened a way for those letters into all hearts, and imprinted them indelibly on the memory.

The points of resemblance or analogy between Foster and Arnold are too few and indistinct, and the points of contrariety are too many and too prominent to allow of the attempt to institute a comparison, such as should be fair to both these great men, or profitable to the reader. We shall attempt nothing of the sort, and, in truth, are reminded of Arnold's name in this instance by the merely incidental fact, that the volumes before us stir the mind in a manner which nothing, in this department of literature, has done—of late years—Arnold's *Life* excepted. How many thousands of persons, wherever the English language is known, have felt that, so long as they could eke out the perusal of Arnold from day to day, they were possessed at once of a source of the most intense intellectual gratification, and of the most solid moral benefit. Feelings, far less vivid, will attach to the perusal of Foster's letters, and fewer, probably, will be the readers; but, to a class much more select, the perusal will afford a most delicious revival of trains of thought, and of emotions,

which everything around us tends to dissipate, or to render impracticable or incongruous. To Foster's contemporaries—we mean to those who remember the first appearance of his essays—these volumes will furnish a refreshment of a bright, early intellectual season—the morning hour of life, oftener regretted than revived. We could gladly hope that, within younger bosoms, they may kindle tastes which little at present serves to nourish, and the decline of which marks, as we think, the decay, in this country, of what is, in the highest sense, THE MIND—the life of the soul.

We do not know, and should not care to ask, to what extent Foster's *Essays* is now a selling book: but, in frequent instances, have been vexed to meet with educated young persons, and who were conversant, quite enough for their welfare, with German mysticism, but who were not even cognizant of the name of an English writer so well able to stir the spirit and to awaken the loftiest emotions! It is surely a mistake—it is a bad fashion, to import and consume an inferior foreign article, while neglecting a home growth of far finer quality! Is Foster sometimes obscure? Yes, but there is *always* a meaning to be had, and a rich meaning too, within the compass of his paragraphs. German pantheists are hard to be understood, because with them so often the crust of words overlays nothing that is intelligible—or, what is so absurd, if intelligible, that we reject it as "certainly not the intention of so fine a writer."

It will, we fear, be inevitable, once and again, to make an allusion to Arnold: yet, deprecating as we do any design to institute a formal comparison or to offer a contrast. Arnold supplies us in his letters with the means, indirectly, of acquiring a knowledge of the constitution of his mind, and of his moral structure: but he forgets himself in the heat and haste of his beneficent concernment with the well-being of those around him, and of the human family. Foster sits down to paint, to describe, to anatomize himself—his individual soul; yet he does not do this from egotism, or at the impulse of an excessive self-esteem: far from it: but because, as a meditative recluse, misliking the world, he is glad always to run into an enclosure where none could follow or annoy him. With as much perhaps of the rudiment of benevolence at the bottom of his heart as swelled the bosom of Arnold and sparkled in his features, he is too lofty in his notions, and too sensitive, and too captious, to think of the world as a thing worth the mending, or of mankind as reclaimable: too indolent also to enter upon any course of life which would have given the moral emotions their due advantage over the imaginative sentiments. He profoundly laments, therefore, the prevalence of those evils which Arnold lived and died to remove, or at least to alleviate. What would not the head master of Rugby have done; what personal comfort would he not have relinquished, for the sake of raising, only a little, the "moral tone" of the "Rugby boys," or how many martyrdoms would he have endured, could he thereby have brought the millions of India within hearing of the truth! Foster was indifferent to none of those moral interests which occupied Arnold's hands and soul; but he looked abroad upon the moral world in another manner; as thus:

"What is the use or value of communities, extending beyond actual communication—of states, republics, kingdoms, empires!

"How can we take interest enough in distant beings of our own sort, to feel anything that deserves to be called universal benevolence? Why did the Supreme Disposer put so many beings in one world, under circumstances which necessarily make them strangers to one another?"

"Views which strongly realize to the mind the vast multitude of mankind, tend to contract benevolence. The mind seems to say, What can I do with all this crowd? I cannot keep them in my habitual view; I cannot extend my affections to a thousand millions of persons who know nothing, and care nothing about me or each other; I can do them no good, I can derive no good from them; they have all their concerns, and I have mine; if I were this moment annihilated, it would be all the same to them;—there is no connection, nor relation, nor sympathy, nor mutual interest between us. I cannot therefore care anything about them; my affections cannot reach beyond these four or five with whom my own personal interests are immediately connected."—Vol. i., p. 355.

The world—the human system—being in his view an uncouth mass, not to be looked at without disgust, and not to be touched without defilement, Foster gathered himself up—sympathies and energies—within, not the cloak of the misanthrope, nor the tub of Diogenes, but the dust-coated attic, whence issued writings that will finely temper the products of other men's activities. His essays—his letters—his journal, exhibit the converse of a mind, a mind of gigantic stature, a mind of the keenest sensitiveness—with itself! Everything in these writings is genuine and true, and noble, that relates to this one soul. Most things in them that relate to the world exterior are, if not false, yet mis-stated; or true only in some partial sense. There is no modern writer whose thoughts are of more weight than Foster's; none (of any note) whose opinions are of less. We shall endeavor to hold out to view this interior universe grand and beautiful, while, with a becoming gentleness and reverence, we animadvert upon those strange mistakes that attach to his notions of things around him. The comparison which we disclaim, between Arnold and Foster, will, alas! haunt us still! Arnold, within his sphere, (and had his sphere been immensely wider than it was, the same would have been true,) ruled his firmament as the sun, enlightening all things, warming all, vivifying all: Foster (the passage is inimitably beautiful) describes the moon in terms that might not unaptly be taken to depict himself.

"Have just seen the moon rise, and wish the image to be eternal. I never beheld her in so much character, nor with so much sentiment, all these thirty years that I have lived. Emerging from a dark mountain of clouds, she appeared in a dim sky, which gave a sombre tinge to her most majestic aspect. It seemed an aspect of solemn, retiring severity, which had long forgotten to smile; the aspect of a being which had no sympathies with this world—of a being totally regardless of notice, and having long since, with a gloomy dignity, resigned the hope of doing any good, yet proceeding, with composed, unchangeable self-determination, to fulfil her destiny, and even now looking over the world at its accomplishment."—Vol. i., p. 211.

That individuality, the absence of which is precisely what makes the "many" the many, and the presence of which in excess, along with common qualities and a narrow intellect, renders a

man absurd in the eyes of others, and often intensely miserable within himself, is the very rudiment of its greatness, and the reason of its power over other minds, when it attaches, in a high degree, to splendor of the imagination, and to compass and force of the reflective faculty. "A painful sense of an awkward and entire individuality" belonged to him, as he says, so early as his twelfth year; no doubt from his earliest childhood; and this insulating consciousness—a dim consciousness of intellectual dimensions out of all proportion to his worldly condition, and to the opinion entertained of him by others—even his parents and his instructors, had time to congest, and to become the unalterable habit of his character, while as yet he had not surmised anything distinctly as to his own powers of mind. His "individuality" had thoroughly crusted itself at eighteen; his great faculties had not fully become known to himself at eight-and-twenty. Even four years later—a period when men of eminent intelligence, born in a higher sphere, and enjoying the advantages of education, have usually won half their laurels—Foster was barely beginning to suspect that the lofty prerogatives which his "individuality" made him long for, were actually his own, by the gift of nature.

"Long as it is since I wrote to you before, no incident worthy of particular notice has occurred—or perhaps the very circumstance of my being apt to suffer things to pass without notice, is itself the reason why I do not distinguish and recollect particulars. Many events may possibly have engaged the attention of other men, which I was too thoughtless to observe, or too ignorant to comprehend their consequence. I am a very indifferent philosopher, I confess, for I have neither curiosity nor speculation. This inattention to the external world might be excused if the deficiency were supplied from within. If I were, like some men, a kingdom or a world within myself, superior entertainment should soon make my friends forget the uninteresting particulars of ordinary intelligence. How enviable the situation—to feel the transition from the surrounding world into one's own capacious mind, like quitting a narrow, confined valley, and entering on diversified and almost boundless plains—if this felicity were mine, I might be equally unconcerned to obtain or to recollect the news of the town. I might explore new and unknown regions of intellect and fancy—and after having carried my career to a distance which the most erratic comets never reached, return with the most glowing and amazing descriptions of the scenes through which I had passed."—Vol. i., p. 25.

Many passages in the Journal are to the same purpose.

"Feel this insuperable individuality. Something seems to say, 'Come, come away; I am but a gloomy ghost among the living and the happy. There is no need of me; I shall never be loved as I wish to be loved, and as I could love. I will converse with my friends in solitude; then they seem to be *within* my soul; when I am with them they seem to be *without* it. They do not need the few felicities I could impart; it is not generous to tax their sympathies with my sorrows; and these sorrows have an aspect on myself which no other person can see. I can never become deeply important to any one; and the unsuccessful effort to become so, costs too much in the painful sentiment which the affections feel when they return mortified from the fervent attempt to give themselves to some heart

which would welcome them with a pathetic warmth."—Vol. i., p. 220.

"I have long been taught and compelled by observation to form a very bad opinion of mankind; this conviction is irresistible; but, at the same time, I am aware of the Christian duty of cultivating a benevolence as ardent as if the contrary estimate of human character were true. I feel it most difficult to preserve anything like this benevolence; my mind recoils from human beings, excepting a very few, into a cold interior retirement, where it feels as if dissociated from the whole creation. I do not, however, in any degree, approve this tendency, and I earnestly wish and pray for more of the spirit of the Saviour of the world."—Vol. i., p. 319.

We have said that everything in Foster's letters and journal relating to himself—this inner world—this retreat wherein he took refuge, is genuine and true. It can barely be necessary to exclude a misunderstanding, as if we accepted as literally true his own estimate of his dispositions, when he reports himself to be misanthropic, unsocial and cold. Nothing could be farther from the truth than such a representation: it was the loftiness, the purity, the fervor of his moral perceptions—it was the intensity of his social instincts that drove him out of the "world" into his attic, and that encased him in ice when unavoidably mingling with ordinary minds. *Psychologically understood*, Foster's own report of himself, as "a misanthrope"—a being "cold and unsocial"—contradicted as it is so copiously by other evidence—his own evidence given under other influences, as well as the entire character of his various writings—is quite true and genuine, in as much as it is a *symptom of his case*—a diagnostic of his moral constitution—a constitution not altogether healthful. Real misanthropes do not mournfully make such entries in their journals as this: "Alas! I am a misanthrope." Beings who indeed are cold-hearted, unsocial, and selfish, neither write it down that they are so, nor speak it. Too clearly conscious of the dread fact, they would not give evidence against themselves in a case which they know lacks no sort of proof, unless it be such a confession.

Foster's case, although indeed rare, if we think of the faculties of mind which, in this instance, signalize it, is by no means uncommon. Affections deep, tender, and refined—moral instincts of the purest sort, and the most vivid, a sense of right—and therefore a sense of wrong, the most passionate—even tempestuous, and imagination alive to the great and beautiful, but always swayed by an infelicitous animal temperament towards what is terrible or sombre:—Such elements of character imperfectly governed by the higher reason—perhaps owning no submission to any such authority, constitute the man—such as was Foster—ever reviling himself as a misanthrope, because born into a world where the impulses of a seraph's bosom are so often outraged, and must always be repressed.

On subjects remote from those questions which had enlisted—shall we say which had "retained"—his imagination and his moral sensibilities, Foster's judgment is sound, his perceptions acute, his decisions discriminating, his conclusions apt and just. Reason, with him, was an energy of a high order—although not at all of scientific quality: but the misfortune was, that it bore no proportion to the combined forces—and they were ever in combination—of his imagination and his moral sense, and so it is that, whenever he nears the ground of political

or ecclesiastical controversy, he starts forward in a sort of bison gallop—fiercely breaking through enclosures—trampling down fair fields, and butting outrageously at whatever dares stand erect in his course. The best thing that can be done by quiet folks on such occasions, is to stand on one side until the gigantic creature has finished his sport, and plunges again into the jungle; but we protest against the error of calling the buffalo either tiger or crocodile.

In this view of the case, we must warn off from these volumes party writers and sectarian reviewers. Such, if any such there be, will be prompt to snatch at, and adduce many passages which might seem to bear them out in saying—"See what the party is—what is its spirit—what its intentions—what its malignity—which John Foster represented in his time, and of which he was the idol!" Conclusions such as this would only indicate a want of intelligence, a lack of philosophic perception, a misunderstanding of the instance. Not a little that is absurdly sectarian, violent, uncharitable, intemperate, might be culled from the letters and journal; and if, in the course of this article, we advert to passages of this kind, our intention in doing so will be not to set the particular question right—whether ecclesiastical or political, which were a superfluous task, but to set Foster's personal reputation clear of the imputations to which these crude portions will probably render it obnoxious. Fairly to interpret them, one should duly consider his own mental structure, the narrowing influences of his early course and position, and, not less, the peculiar aspects and provocations of the times when his opinions were formed and proclaimed. Born in the humblest rank, and enjoying, in early life, very scantily those advantages of education or association which may avail to remove from a vigorous mind's plebeian notions, and which, with a mind such as his, would not less have mellowed his moral nature, than have disciplined his reason, Foster began to think and to feel, in relation to political and ecclesiastical questions, just at that enigmatic juncture, the misunderstood phenomena of which perverted the views, and set wrong the public course, of some, greater than he in intellect, and far better taught.

We take it for granted that everybody will read these volumes, and shall, therefore, attempt no summary of Foster's life—a tale soon told—nor quote from them, except such passages as may be necessary to give coherence and support to our remarks. Like all who indeed *think*, and who muse painfully upon the mysteries of the system in which they find themselves placed, Foster early doubted concerning many things ordinarily held, in his connexion, to be true, and some such points of belief he continued to reject to the last. He wandered not, however, from the precincts of serious faith—faith in Christianity; and no reader of the letters and journal can hesitate to admit that a deep, a solemn conviction of the reality of things unseen and eternal—a conviction meekly submissive always to the testimony of Scripture—possessed his mind, and governed it. Besides that the high moral tone of his character, and the grandeur of his imagination, held him ever near to the radiant centre of truth, his mind wanted entirely the scientific rudiment, and therefore he was never in peril of skepticism. If he disbelieved some things which others believed, it was not from *disbelief* that he did so; but rather from an overpowering belief—a vivid sense of certain truths which were seemingly incompatible with such and such articles of an ortho-

dox creed. There are men, and many such, who believe everything firmly, precisely because they believe nothing deeply. They doubt nothing, because they never ask themselves what their belief includes and implies; and if only they could, for a moment, get a glimpse of the interior of a mind like Foster's—if they could creep into his bosom, they would come away bereft of a third of their "articles." Foster believed, as superior natures in an upper world believe; and he, on earth, doubted, just where they, in heaven, veil their faces with their wings.

Whatever shocked or countervailed the powerful impulses and genuine instincts of his soul, he cast from him as utterly to be rejected. Christians should love each other; but, alas! church members too often "bite and devour one another;" and the inference with him is instantaneous—not that church members should be admonished and reformed, but that churches are nuisances, and should be dissolved, one and all!

"On the occasion of a violent dissension between two religious societies, which came under his immediate notice, he speaks of obtaining plenty of confirmation, if he had needed it, of his old opinion, that churches are useless and mischievous institutions, and the sooner they are dissolved the better. * * * He believed that there was more of appearance than of reality in the union of church-membership; and that, at all events, its benefits were greatly overrated. With the exception of public worship and the Lord's supper, he was averse to everything institutional in religion. He never administered, nor even witnessed in mature life, (it is believed,) the ordinance of baptism, and was known to entertain doubts respecting its perpetuity. In writing to a friend, (Sept. 10, 1828,) he says:—'I have long felt an utter loathing of what bears the general denomination of the *church*, with all its parties, contests, disgraces, or honors. My wish would be little less than the dissolution of all church institutions, of all orders and shapes: that *religion* might be set free, as a grand spiritual and moral element, no longer clogged, perverted, and prostituted by corporation forms and principles.'—Vol. i., p. 61.

The very same melancholic fastidiousness gave its character to Foster's opinions on the most ordinary subjects, and impelled him toward extreme conclusions in relation to any object, which at once woke up the moral sense—in him so painfully sensitive—and overclouded his imagination with lugubrious images. The premises leading to such conclusions were furnished wholly by his moral instincts and his imagination, nor were his inferences modified at all by a regard to the simple facts of the case. Witness the crudities of the letters "On the Metropolis." An intense commiseration of want and woe—a high, indiscriminate wrath against the possessors of luxury, of comfort, and of *authority*, who are assumed to be the authors, remotely or directly, of human sufferings; and then the resentment of a *countryman* against brick walls, noisy vehicles, smoke, and the sundry nuisances of such a city as London—combined, if not to convince him that London should be shoved into the Thames, yet to exclude from his view, as if no such things existed, all that incalculable amount of good—good of the highest order—good, not merely for the metropolis itself, nor merely for Britain, but for the wide world—of which London is the focus, the germinating centre, the direct and active cause. We can scarcely believe that Foster would himself have reprinted, in his later years,

letters such as these:—that he had reached the age of three-and-thirty at the time they were written, affords a striking evidence of the slow growth, and the late development of his mind. They are, in fact, worthy of a sensitive, romantic youth of eighteen, and are very fit to be addressed to "a young lady!" Nothing in them is simply according to fact—nothing that tends to guide or to inspire benevolent enterprises. Well is it for London, and for the world, that its hundred charities, religious and secular, find men and women to support and carry them out, whose sensibilities are more practical, and whose imaginations are less sublime! So moody was Foster's mind, when once it had been smitten with a sad theme, that probably, if one had ventured to whisper in his ear something about hospitals, dispensaries, visiting societies, city missions, and churches, or even chapels, besides innumerable benevolent agencies, purely private and individual, all would have been interpreted by him in an ominous sense, as affording more proof of his argument! Take Foster to a "Ragged School"—what confirmation does it yield of his darkest surmises as to the misery and the vice of the metropolis! "Yes, sir," we should have said, "but grant us at least this—that if the *scholars* belong to, and if they are a sample of, London, the *school* also belongs to, and is a sample of, the same awful concrete." The squalid urchins are "the Metropolis;" but the master, and the mistress, and their patrons, are also "the Metropolis." Let it be true, that the noble and the wealthy do not attempt all they might and ought, in behalf of the want and woe around them; and let them be urged and incited, by all proper means, to acquit themselves better than they do of their responsibilities; but we doubt if much good will be done in this way by those who would handle the subject after such a fashion as the following:—

"I am sorry not to have gained the knowledge which thirty or forty shillings would have purchased in London. At the expense of so much spent in charity, a person might have visited just once eight or ten of those sad retirements in darkness, in dark alleys, where, in garrets and cellars, thousands of wretched families are dying of famine and disease. It would be most painful, however, to see these miseries without the power to supply any effectual relief. At the very same time you may see a succession, which seems to have no end, of splendid mansions, equipages, liveries; you may scent the effluvia of preparing feasts; you may hear of fortunes, levees, preferments, pensions, corporation dinners, royal hunts, etc., etc., numerous beyond the devil's own arithmetic to calculate. This whole view of society might be called the devil's *play-bill*; for surely this world might be deemed a vast theatre, in which he, as manager, conducts the endless, horrible drama of laughing and suffering, while the diabolical satyr of power, wealth, and pride, are dancing round their dying victims:—a spectacle and an amusement for which the infernals will pay him liberal thanks."—Vol. i., p. 258.

It is curious, we will not say amusing, to observe the manner in which men of Foster's order are apt to be carried away by their impulses. There is, perhaps, a terrible sublimity in the idea of tens of thousands of wretches thought of as living and dying the victims of luxury and power! But there is no sublimity in the thought or spectacle of fifty or a hundred methodist-looking men, in

shabby black, dingy stocks, and pale faces, setting out to visit these tens of thousands? A *dirty* pale face is the symbol of masses of dirty pale faces—and all the victims of “vicious institutions,” and evidences of “wicked government!” A *clean* pale face is only a clean pale face! nevertheless, if the wearer of it be the martyr of Christian benevolence, and if, moreover, he be salaried by Christian wealth, then, surely the pale clean face might just be named, when the dirty pale face is made the text of a sweeping commination, thundered against “the diabolical satyrs of power, wealth, and pride!”

The editor, we think, might very well have suppressed more than a few pages of this sort of puerile sophistry. Finding them where they are, we are free to refer to them as furnishing proof that the preponderance of certain unhappy elements in his constitution was such as should be held to screen his *opinions* from any severe treatment, as if they had been the products of reason. The adherents of such opinions will, we think, be wise if they abstain from boasting of Foster as a champion of “sound principles,” and of “great truths;” while, on the other hand, those of the contrary part, will show right feeling, and good taste, if they deny themselves the spiteful gratification, which these volumes would supply, of bringing Samson forth “to make them sport.” As to those who *will* do so, we stigmatize them, beforehand, as men of an ill temper, and of narrow intellect. John Foster belongs to us all, as a writer who, beyond any other, within the compass of a century, has enriched our English literature with full-toned and impassioned eloquence—has gone deeper, than any other of our times, into the deep waters of religious and ethical meditation—shedding upon such themes the splendor of an imagination of high order, and who, in a word, has, on lofty ground, occupied an ample space, quite his own, and where he is little likely soon to find his superior.

Foster's proper sphere was that vast region wherein there is neither pathway nor rest for the foot of man—a region into which every serious and reflective mind makes an excursion early in its course, and from which calm and well-ordered minds presently retire trembling, and forbidding themselves any renewed endeavors to penetrate its awful gloom.

“I sometimes fall into profound musings on the state of this great world—on the nature and the destinies of man, on the subject of the question, ‘What is truth?’ The whole hemisphere of contemplation appears inexpressibly strange and mysterious. It is cloud pursuing cloud, forest after forest, and alps upon alps! It is in vain to declaim against skepticism. I feel with an emphasis of conviction, and wonder, and regret, that almost all things are involved in shade, that many things are covered with thickest darkness, that the number to which certainty belongs is small. * * * I hope to enjoy ‘the sunshine of the other world.’ One of the very few things that appear to me not doubtful, is the truth of Christianity in general; some of the evidences of which I have lately seen most ably stated by Archdeacon Paley in his book on the subject.”—Vol. i., p. 89.

Not merely did he hold fast his profession as a Christian, amid these cheerless musings, but, even while indulging them without restraint, he became more and more decisive in his adoption of the most serious form of theological belief. Writing from Chichester to his parents, March 25, 1799, where

he was surrounded with a deadening heterodoxy, he says:—

“My opinions are more Calvinistic than when I first came here; so much so as to be in direct hostility with the leading principles of belief in this society. The greatest part of my views are, I believe, accurately Calvinistic. My opinion respecting future punishments is an exception.”—Vol. i., p. 99.

Similar professions occur elsewhere, and they are entitled to the most entire confidence. Minds of less compass, clearness, and depth than his, and equally addicted to meditation, very usually run off into mysticism, gnosticism, pantheism, as their place of repose. Foster's was too profound not to know well that these several illusions serve to alleviate nothing, to solve nothing, to illuminate nothing;—that they are vapors which may indeed show bright and gaudy colors when seen at a great distance, but in the bosom of which, if one enters them, there is nothing but chill and gloom. By the aid of those moral instincts which attach to a great mind, he kept himself anear to the effulgent source of light and heat, although “clouds and darkness are round about it.”

His letters to his “honored parents” exhibit, with a sort of boyish simplicity, and continue to do so even after he had passed the meridian of life, the interior of his soul, as a devout Christian. Those addressed to his early and most congenial friend, the late accomplished Joseph Hughes, take, as might be supposed, a higher tone, and they beautifully develope that which the former only indicate, namely, the deepest reverence toward God, the most ardent desires for Christian advancement and usefulness, and a readiness, the very opposite of the skeptical feeling, to bow to the undoubted testimony of Scripture when once it is ascertained. His friend had, as it seems, with a faithful but overdone severity, called him to account on the question of evangelic piety; in reply, and with a child-like humility, he pleads his own cause, (Letter XXIX.) and makes an ample profession of *sufficient* orthodoxy—a profession, we confidently think, which, although Dr. Gill might perhaps have spurned it, St. Paul would have accepted with tears of love. To the same purpose—we need not cite it—is a letter to his tutor, Dr. Fawcett, (XXXIII.) breathing a tender conscientiousness, and an ingenuous warmth. But at this period, and just before his reputation had set him safe from such annoyances, he was paying the penalty, or was expecting every moment to be called upon to pay it, which is exacted always, by narrow sects, from an individual, beneath their sway, who is suspected of daring to keep a soul and mind of his own.

It is a vexation to find, and we must infer it, from the tone of Foster's expostulations, that his friend Hughes, candid and kind-hearted as he was, had given in to this prejudice of the sect, and, while much his inferior intellectually, was treating him in something like a supercilious manner, as a man compromised by suspicion of the plague, and who should, therefore, keep himself off from clean folks. Foster does not resent this unworthy treatment; he only says, “You do not understand me.” Hughes could not fully—although somewhat more than did the good folks assembling in the vestry of Battersea Meeting House on “a week evening,” understand the man who, with a discriminating sense of his individual character, and without arrogance,

notes it of himself, that he holds easier correspondence with God, than with his fellows.

"(In the vestry of Battersea Meeting, during evening service.) Most emphatic feeling of my individuality—my insulated existence—except that close and interminable connexion, from the very necessity of existence, with the Deity. To the continent of human nature, I am a small island near its coast; to the Divine existence, I am a small peninsula."—P. 183, *Journal*, (434.)

At a prayer-meeting the "peninsular" relationship is naturally uppermost in his thoughts:—in a party, the "insular."

"How often I have entered a room with the embarrassment of feeling that all my motions, gestures, postures, dress, &c., &c., &c., were critically appreciated and self-complacently condemned, but, at the same time, with the bold consciousness that the inquisition could reach no further. I have said with myself, 'My character, that is the man, laughs at you behind this veil; I may be the devil for what you can tell, and you would not perceive neither if I were an angel of light.'—Vol. i., p. 206.

What was needed (early discipline and intercourse with persons of highly-cultured minds, might perhaps have supplied the deficiency) was such a rectification of his piety as would have rendered it less imaginative, and such an invigoration of the social affections as would have brought his piety into combination with benevolence: too far the one overlaid and stifled the other. Nevertheless the yearnings of the social affections, intense and tender, meet the eye everywhere in Foster's journal.

"Why is this being, that looks at me and talks, whose bosom is warm, and whose nature and wants resemble my own, necessary to me? This kindred being whom I love, is more to me than all yonder stars of heaven, and than all the inanimate objects on earth. Delightful necessity of my nature! But to what a world of disappointments and vexations is this social feeling liable, and how few are made happy by it in any such degree as I picture to myself and long for!"—Vol. i., p. 228.

Foster felt himself insulated in general society from a cause analogous to that which insulates a man in a foreign land; for there was no medium between himself and the beings around him; and the forced endeavors made to break through the obstruction serve only to confirm his resolution not to repeat the attempt. "Spent part of an hour in company with a handsome young woman and a friendly little cat. The young woman was ignorant and unsocial. I felt as if I could more easily make society of the cat." The inference that he was not social, because his behavior and habits were those of a recluse, would have been as erroneous as the supposition that he had no sense of the beautiful in nature, because his practice was—even when residing in the midst of scenery the most agreeable—to shut himself up for weeks, nay months, treading the boards of a dingy and dusty attic, to and fro, many miles every day. In the enjoyment of abundant animal energy—with the most absolute command of his time—unquestioned by any one, the very man who, when abroad, would stand an hour fixedly gazing at a tree, and to whom a tour in Wales afforded unutterable delight, freely imprisoned himself in a garret through a large portion of his best years! An inconsistency seemingly so strange may, no doubt, in good part be attributed to constitutional animal indo-

lence; perhaps in part to his dread of encountering on the way—just at the corner of a street, or, worse still, midway on a field path, where a turn off could not be effected—some worthy biped with whom he must have exchanged (terrible annoyance) a few phrases of civility! But besides; as Foster shunned common society because his converse with himself afforded him a higher enjoyment than he could derive from intercourse with others, so he shut himself in his attic, even during the most splendid seasons, because the luxuries of the imagination—luxuries purely intellectual—were more exquisite than the primary, or elementary gratifications, which the mind admits direct from the eye. The sight of beautiful objects affords, indeed, a vivid pleasure; yet it is a crude pleasure. But while the eye-balls glare vacantly upon a stained and cobwebbed wall, the mind revels in some bower or glade of its own paradise. Will a man put on a hat, to walk as far as Longleat, who can, at his ease, perambulate Elysian fields, where

— lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, are interposed,
Or palmy hillock; or the flowing lap
Of some irriguous valley spreads her store;
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.

Or shall he risk the hearing of a factory's din, who can listen while

— murmuring waters fall
Down the sloped hills;
and where

The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves.

His attic window, he tells us, commanded a peep at the green fields; but we doubt if he actually availed himself much of this advantage. He who could stand at an attic window, looking at the fields, would assuredly, unless lame or imprisoned, walk forth to look at them.

"I am still all alone here, and since I wrote to you, have lived a more solitary life than ever in my life before. This last six months I have lived a little way out of the town, in a house amidst the fields. However, I hardly ever go out, because I can see them so well through my window, the window of an upper room. I hardly ever what can be called take a walk, except merely in the garden adjoining the house. The beauties of nature are brought so directly under my eyes and to my feet, that I am rarely prompted to go in quest of them, even as far as from your house to the top of Wick Lane. Excepting my journey to Bristol, I have hardly ever taken a good long walk for the last nine months. If this rigid limitation were imposed upon me by some external authority, by the will of somebody else than myself, what a wretched prisoner I should think myself, and should watch day and night for an opportunity to make my escape. I almost decline all visiting, and have not dined from home, I believe, six times these last seven months."—Vol. i., p. 288.

Happily, the social element—in few bosoms of greater intensity than in his—was at length rescued from extinction by the opening of the conjugal and parental affections. Had it not been so, the writer of passages such as the following might have ended in actually becoming—what he had long been erroneously calling himself—"a misanthrope."

Let those take a warning who indulge sentiments, at first for the mere sake of intellectual excitement, but by which, at length, they are mastered. This sort of moody luxury is, in truth, always a perilous sporting with the demon—it is a tempting of Satan:—

"I should nauseate the place (Frome) if I had been habituated to it a century. At first I felt an intense loathing; I hated every house, timber, stone, and brick in the town, and almost the very trees, fields, and flowers in the country round. I have indeed long since lost all attachment to this world as a locality, and shall never regain it. Neither, indeed, for this do I care; we shall soon leave it forever. * * * I now seldom, comparatively, think of politics; when I do, it is with a hatred of the prevailing system, which becomes but more intense by time."—Vol. i., p. 304.

"When I see people good and sensible, I am glad of it for *their* sake, not for my own." This is precisely the indication of a mind's having reached the line of demarcation between the world of love and the world of *unlove*, or hatred. He who has actually passed that border—in the wrong direction, is not "glad," even for "*their* sakes," when he encounters those who are distinguished by wisdom and goodness;—not glad, for he writhes, stung with his own venom. He who lives on the bright side of the border is glad, not *severally*, as if *first* for his own sake, and then for theirs, but with a suffused, indiscriminating joyousness, the same in element as that of a brighter world, where there is a "fulness of joy," in which all that is restrictive is drowned. Foster's character was in very great danger at this period; yet a hopeful revulsion seems to have commenced—a symptom, or an incidental cause of which was a returning converse with nature.

"I have done more justice to the beautiful season this year than in many former ones; for I have taken many solitary walks, and, with a book and pencil in my hand, have done my best to catch all the ideas, images, objects, and reflections that the most beautiful aspects and scenes of nature could supply. I have felt it of some consequence to me, if I am to write again, to assemble as many natural facts and images as possible, to supply what may be called colors to writing. I must increase the stock, or else I shall soon be *out*, as I have expended a great deal of material on what is already written.

"Into company I cannot actually take this book and pencil, but I endeavor to seize fast every remarkable circumstance, and each disclosure of character that I witness, and then, when I return to my room, they go by dozens into my book. I keep to my text on the subject of forming new friendships; I am quite too old for it. When I see people good and sensible, I am glad of it for *their* sake, not for my own."—Vol. i., p. 324.

"I never have been more enchanted with a summer since I left whatever part of creation or chaos I lived in in former ages, and came to this our green orb. I took frequent solitary walks; even as matter of duty, I did it sometimes, when the attraction of pleasure might have failed to overcome my great indisposition to move. Those walks were commonly in the retired fields and woody lanes, of which I found a number this last summer in this neighborhood, some of them very beautiful, as well as extremely quiet. There are, besides, two or three extremely beautiful valleys not far from this town. As to the town itself, I

do not know whether I told you how much I nauseate it; but no length of time would ever cure my loathing of it. But sweet nature! I have conversed with her with inexpressible luxury; I have almost worshipped her. A flower, a tree, a bird, a fly, has been enough to kindle a delightful train of ideas and emotions, and sometimes to elevate the mind to sublime conceptions. When the autumn stole on, I observed it with the most vigilant attention, and felt a pensive regret to see those forms of beauty, which tell that all the beauty is going soon to depart. One autumnal flower (the white convolvulus) excited very great interest, by recalling the season I spent at Chichester, where I happened to be very attentive to this flower, and once or twice, if you recollect, endeavored to draw it with the pencil. I have at this moment the most lively image of my doing this, and of the delight I used to feel in looking at this beautiful flower in the hedges of those paths and fields with which both you and I are so well acquainted."—Vol. i., p. 333.

This returning converse with nature was a sort of anastomosing in his moral constitution; for it maintained a vital connection with his social system, after the trunk arteries of love and fellowship had been, or seemed to be, severed. Whoever, with a *genuine* delight, still relishes green fields and flowers, should be treated as recoverable to humanity. So important, therefore, in education is the culture of tastes which, among the ill influences of after life, may, when themselves refreshed, become the channels for conveying refreshment to the better affections of the soul.

At length, however, those channels of the heart through which life's blood had flowed feebly to sustain the social sentiments, became invigorated by a thorough reanimation of the loving faculty. Foster was soon to be united to the woman of his choice—a companion "*mete for him*"—an intellectualist, and one, we should presume, very much of his own order—even the "*Friend*" to whom the *Essays* were addressed. It is curious to hear him, a few weeks previous to his marriage, greeting the spring in new strains of pleasure. Heretofore, it was not the verdant glories of June that could avail to entice him from his lumber room; but now, behold him! within a mile of the "*nauseated*" Frome, thus revelling amid the beauties, not of June, not of May, not of April, but of March, and even of the first week in March;—

"Frome, March 3, 1808.

"Yes! the spring does open upon me with a fascination which I have not felt before, notwithstanding that I have often felt a kind of worship of nature on the return of that delightful season, with its flowers, birds, and genial gales. This once I certainly do feel in its first indications a deeper charm than I did even in my youth, when I was as full of fancy and sentiment as any poet. For several years I have been much less susceptible of the vernal impressions, and have considered myself as advancing fast towards the state of feeling which I recollect P——, a few years since, described himself to me as having reached—the state of feeling no impression at all. And no doubt it is from the new and adventitious cause, that I have felt such luxury in the beautiful days which we have had for a week past."—Vol. i., p. 352.

This marriage—he was then in his thirty-seventh year—appears to have been thoroughly a happy

one; nor was it rendered otherwise by the personal sufferings and the domestic sorrows that attended the lapse of years. It occurred just time enough in his history to save Foster from the miserable fate which had seemed to threaten him—that of being eaten alive by his own cyclopean and pampered imagination. Far more happy now than heretofore, he could, and did, without effort, put himself in the way of those kindly sentiments towards himself, of which, spite of himself, his amiable qualities and real worth had made him the object. Some months after his marriage he visited Frome, and thus reports his reception:—

“At Frome I was received with the most animated kindness, both among the richer and poorer class of my acquaintance—a kindness to which I could not make an adequate return in the way of giving much of my company, as I had determined not to stay more than three days. I felt the propriety, even as a matter of appearance, of not being like a rambler from home, besides the impatience of affection to be again with my dear, domestic associate. I returned to her at the time I had determined, found her well, and was welcomed with inexpressible tenderness. The felicity of thus rejoining her seemed to me to exceed even the joy of being first united to her. Nearly four months have now elapsed since that time, and on both sides the affectionate complacency has very sensibly increased. We both every day express our gratitude to Heaven for having given us to each other, and we hope that it will continue a cause of the most lively gratitude as long as we live, and also in a state after death. I most entirely believe that no man on earth has a wife more fondly affectionate, more anxious to promote his happiness, or more dependent for her own on his tenderness for her. In the greatest number of opinions, feelings, and concerns, we find ourselves perfectly agreed; and when anything occurs on which our judgments and dispositions differ, we find we can discuss the subject without violating tenderness, or in the least losing each other's esteem, even for a moment. Greater trials of our mutual affection and respect than any that have yet occurred, will undoubtedly arise in the course of life, if it is considerably protracted; but the experiment thus far has given us a stronger confidence in the perpetuity of tenderness and harmony than it was possible for us to have previously to any experiment at all.”—Vol. i., p. 373.

What would the now-vaunted “holy celibacy” have done for Foster? Had he lived in the times of its influence, he would doubtless have plunged into that horrible pit, and would there have become a monster—not indeed of wickedness, but of misery. None but those who have dipped into the memoirs of monkery can understand, just in a case like Foster's, what is the *infinite moral value* of ordinary expressions such as these that follow.—Writing soon after the birth of a son, he says:—“Physically, the chap is deemed, I understand, as promising as his neighbors. My wife is still extremely well for the time, and I hope will soon be restored to her full health and strength. It is she that I care fifty times more about than I should about any infant.” Nevertheless, he was not the abstracted, or the indifferent father which literature sometimes renders a man. Let the reader look to the Letters, which we cannot cite, relative to the illness and death of this son. Married life was a new birth to Foster, and it overtook him precisely at the right moment; for at length his mind had

reached its maturity; he had firmly taken his place, too, in literature; and those depths of thought he had plunged into, (enriching his writings) which a man with a wife at his side—not being a Xantippe—is little likely to attempt; and, moreover, the moody recluse was still in a state to be recoverable as a man.

The very same sort of feeling that is inspired, at the moment while we write, by the sudden falling of a plentiful rain after a long and ominous drought, is awakened by the altered tone of Foster's Memoirs, from the period of his marriage. During the arid, scorching time of his solitary existence—when the heavens over him were brass, and the earth under his feet iron—the fields did not seem worth walking in. Frome was “nauseated,” and the good folks in it were shunned, if not abominated. But now, a while after, when reporting a visit to Frome, “accompanied by Mrs. Foster”—oh! what miracles of moral cure are latent in those three consonants!—he says:—“I revisited, at their houses, a number of the good people I had once preached to, especially the poor people, who manifested a lively pleasure in seeing me again.” No doubt of it: they had probably been used to think Mr. Foster “rather a particular man in his ways—wonderful shy, and not everybody's liking in the pulpit;” but they had always felt sure that “the root of the matter was in him,” and that he had a kind heart too; but *now*, who could help loving him, and “Mrs. Foster as well.”

A beautiful feature of Foster's personal character, and a very prominent one too, as well as an infallible criterion of the genuineness of his moral sentiments, is his filial piety. From the first to the last, and long after he had begun to call himself an old man, his letters to his “honored parents,” if they do not conspicuously exhibit *his intellect*, yet are such as prove *theirs* to have been—their rank and education considered, of an unusual sort. What must that old woman have been, if indeed letters, such as some of those addressed by Foster to his then very aged mother, could have been intended by him to meet *her* level of thought! These letters, conjoined with the pertinent fact that to the last, and through years when his income was narrow and precarious, he “contributed liberally to the support of his parents,” exhibit him in a light which sheds a steady effulgence upon his character as a great writer and a man of genius.

“My wife and the brats are still well,” he says; and “papa,” having in his nature all the needful elements of paternal philosophy, early learned to adjust his habits to his new position.

“Those brats are just now making a great noise, and running about to make themselves warm, in the house under me. I have noticed the curious fact of the difference of the effect of what other people's children do and one's own. In the situations I have formerly been in, any great noise and racket of children would have extremely incommoded me if I wanted to read, think, or write. But I never mind as to any such matter of convenience *how much* din is made by *these* brats, if it is not absolutely in the room where I am at work. When I am with them, I am apt to make them, and join in making them, make a still bigger tumult and noise, so that their mother sometimes complains that we all want whipping together. As to liking freaks and vivacity, I do not feel myself much older than I was twenty years since. I have a great dislike to all stiff, and formal, and unnecessary

gravity. If it were not so, I should be to children quite an old man, and could have no easy companionship with them. It must be a great evil for parents to have with their children an immovable, puritanical solemnity, especially when the disproportion in age is so unusually great as in my case. But I feel no tendency to this; of course, to avoid it is no matter of effort or self-denial."—Vol. i., p. 387.

Foster's correspondence, as presented in these volumes—and it is not for us to conjecture why the list does not include names which we had presumed we should meet with—does not boast the recommendation of having been carried on with the chief spirits of the age. But, and incidentally from this very cause, it is of a sort that sheds upon his personal character a peculiar grace. The one quality that pervades these letters—shining full in a large proportion of them—is the beautiful simplicity, the artlessness, the humility, of a man who never thought of himself as "great writers" and "great men" are too apt to do. Not by any means comparable to Cowper's, Foster's letters are nevertheless equal to them on the one ground of their thorough genuineness, and in the total absence of egotism and consequence. A large proportion of them turn upon personal or domestic matters—his own feelings, his habits, his engagements, (as do Cowper's;) but not one of them betrays the disguised selfist;—not one indicates the anxiety of a man who is tormented with the apprehension that his friends are underrating his importance, or do not yield him, in their thoughts, the place which he thinks due to him, as a public personage.

Foster's correspondents were, for the most part, his early personal friends, and most, or all of them, were, more or less decisively his inferiors, intellectually. Nevertheless, in not one of these letters is there any note of arrogance; not a line is there, the plain English of which would be—"I hope you know who I am; don't be too familiar; don't presume upon the accident of our early acquaintance. I am John Foster, the Essayist." The very same quality—the same indication of real greatness—shows itself, though under a varied condition, in those of the letters that are addressed to men of intelligence and accomplishments—that is to say, to his *quasi* equals, such as Joseph Hughes, W. Anderson, Josiah Hill, and Daniel Parken.* No asserting of himself, no elbowing for his seat at the head of the table, shows itself in these letters. In truth, and still more strikingly than his letters to his early friends, they serve to show that Foster's habitual converse with his own heart had been such as to bring him into a mood utterly abhorrent of all pretension and self-complacency; while his communion with infinite wisdom, and his daily meditation of things "unseen and eternal," suffused through his moral nature much of that "humbleness of mind" which we are wont to attribute to the beings of a higher sphere.

Such was Foster! We say, such was Foster, thinking, as we do, of those who will be snatching some paltry controversial advantages—some occasions of ranting, from these volumes. He was

* We do not know why we should conceal an expression of disappointment in not finding the name of Josiah Conder in these volumes. Unless we are quite in error, Foster's letters to the then Editor of the *Eclectic* were of a kind to be eagerly read by the public, and for which room might, with manifest advantage, have been made, by the exclusion of some pages that are puerile in the first volume, or of passages that are sophistical and unseemly in the second.

one whose violences of opinion did not spring from rancor of the heart, but from the ungoverned vehemence of his indignation against wrong, and from the undisciplined turbulence of his imagination. Such opinions, therefore, while they are not worth anybody's picking up and boasting of, cannot, consistently with candor or fairness, be cited in evidence against either himself or his party.

The editor, we think, might well have gratified the curiosity of the reader, by supplying a few characteristic notices of Foster's correspondents, at least of such of them as do not now survive. We must not attempt to supply this deficiency, unless it were in relation to one, the letters to whom bring Foster out as a social being, and as a Christian, and as an intellectualist, more fully, perhaps, than any other parcel of the (published) correspondence. We mean Josiah Hill. Josiah Hill, whom, in due deference to the statistics of "Conference," we must consent to designate as "a preacher in the Wesleyan connexion," might, seeing him only in the street (we mean thirty years ago) or meeting him in a select party, have passed for anything as soon as for a Methodist minister. He became such, in fact, we rather think, because a *calculus* of Arminianism, too deep-seated within his ample brain to be extracted, conjoined with a severe conscientiousness, forbade his exercising the functions of the Christian ministry within any Evangelic communion holding a Calvinistic creed; and the "seventeenth article," as he read it, must have kept him out of the Established Church. Richard Baxter, much rather than John Wesley, (we hope no offence,) was his Rabbi. But it was delightful to hear in what way, and with what fine tact, he would bring *Christianity* clear and clean out of *Wesleyanism*, and present it, intelligibly and attractively, to a congregation of Cornish miners. Even the old women liked, and, if we should credit their audible "amens," understood Josiah Hill, little suspecting the largeness of the soul that lodged itself, and that sported, unbeknown to them, within the walls of that ample forehead!—woe to him, if aged class-readers could have looked in at the large windows of his blue eyes, and read the unuttered mind of their teacher! and yet, even such would have found there no just ground of offence, could they have deciphered the entire man. He was "theirs" in truth and sincerity, although not theirs after the fashion, and according to the notions, of a customary Wesleyan superintendant and preacher. The sage wearers of those portentous Cornish broad brims, some of whom, thirty years ago, still remembered "good John's" preaching in the hollow near Gulval, or Huel Abraham, and who admired "Josiah Hill," knowing not a thousandth part of him, would perhaps have denounced him to "Conference" had they known a little more; and yet these, even these, would again have loved him, and listened to him as an angel, had it been possible to them to know the whole.

But how agreeable, how tranquillizing, and, at times, how elevating, were the hours he gave to those who, as he thought, could understand him, and whom he could trust! Well fitted was he, we should think, to be Foster's companion and correspondent. The many domestic afflictions which he passed through, after the time of his intimacy with Foster, seem—so we should suppose, judging from the tone and topics of the letters in these volumes, to have abated very much of the spring and energy of his understanding, such as it was at the period

when he could report that "Mrs. Hill and the children were all quite well." Death—death—and death again, inasmuch as it could not render him more serious than before, at length quelled his intellect: not that he became imbecile; but, as to its vivacity, his mind bled out at these open wounds. This imperfect notice, and we are not qualified to complete it, may perhaps serve to engage the reader's attention the more for this portion of the correspondence. The letters themselves are not on the whole, we must admit, such as a man of Foster's intelligence might be expected to address to a friend, like Josiah Hill. Some of them are prosing—many are too lugubrious; and yet all indicate a sincere and serious piety, and a thoroughly cordial temper, as a friend. But it is evident that, with his heavily burdened animal system, his want of elasticity and cheeriness, he needed all the stimulus of "going to press" to put his faculties fully in movement. The dreaded and long procrastinated labor of writing, even to a highly intellectual friend, brought with it far more of the oppressive sense of a painful duty to be acquitted, than it did of easy pleasurable excitement. And hence it is that a large proportion of the "Correspondence," while it will be read with a vivid pleasure by those who have already become intimate with Foster as the essayist, and the Eclectic reviewer, will seem flat or vapid to those who have no such preoccupation of the mind in his favor.

He protests, indeed, (vol. ii., p. 53.) that *letter* writing did *not* cost him the painful toil, the utter misery, which, in "ninety-nine cases out of a hundred," attended his *literary* occupations. But if he did not, in these instances, undergo so much torture, it was because he made no effort to provoke his sluggish faculties; and the consequence is, that these letters—read with no reference to the author, do but incidentally betray the secret that the writer was so distinguished an author. And if, when no special circumstance relating to himself, or to his friend, roused his mind to action, he is often dull—when some such circumstance—a death, for instance, of one dear to his friend, or to himself, did awaken and powerfully move him, it was not his *intellect* but his *heart* that was stirred—it was not the author, but the man, that then took up the pen. Everything in Foster's nature was so thoroughly genuine, and he so absolutely the creature of his moral instincts, that to have written a letter, on a sorrowful occasion, bright with mind, and such as would read well in a book, was what he was no more likely to do than he was to dance at a funeral. His consolatory letters to his friends, as well as those announcing to them his own domestic griefs, might easily be matched in the family records of many a private circle. Many a man, and many a woman, who could not have written one page of what Foster has printed, has, under the stimulus of sorrow, written what he, *in sorrow*, could never have approached; for, in sorrow, his mind, accustomed to obey an impulse altogether of another order, woke not up—acted not at all:—his mind—the author-mind, knew too well its subordination to the soul, to dare to intrude ever upon the sacred seasons of deep emotion. The tenderness of his affections lulled, on such occasions, both imagination and reason.

"On Foster's return to Stapleton he wrote immediately to Mr. Hill, with whom his friendship had acquired a deeper and melancholy interest, from the striking coincidences in their domestic trials. 'I have returned *hither*,' he says, 'but

have an utter repugnance to say returned *home*—that name is applicable no longer. You may be sure I am grateful for your kind sympathy and suggestions of consolation; not the less so for its being too true, that there is a weight on the heart which the most friendly human hand cannot remove. The melancholy fact is, that my beloved, inestimable companion, has left me. It comes upon me—in evidence, how varied and sad! and yet, for a moment, sometimes, I feel as if I could not realize it as true. There is something that seems to say, *Can it be that I shall see her no more—that I shall still, one day after another, find she is not here, that her affectionate voice and look will never accost me; the kind grasp of her hand never more be felt; that when I would be glad to consult her, make an observation to her, address to her some expression of love, call her "my dear wife," as I have done so many thousand times; it will be in vain—she is not here?* Several times a considerable number—even since I followed her to the tomb, a momentary suggestion of thought has been, as one and another circumstance has occurred, "I will tell Maria of this." Even this very day, when I parted with Dr. Stenson, who, out of pure kindness, accompanied me a long stage on the road, there was actually, for a transient instant, a lapse of mind into the idea of telling her how very kind he had been. I have not suffered, nor expect to feel any overwhelming emotions, any violent excesses of grief; what I expect to feel is, a long repetition of pensive monitions of my irreparable loss; that the painful truth will speak itself to me again, and still again, in long succession; often in solitary reflection, (in which I feel the most,) and often as objects come in my sight, or circumstances arise, which have some association with her who is gone. The things which belonged to her with a personal appropriation; things which she used or particularly valued; things which she had given me, or I had given her; her letters or my own to her; the corner of the chamber where I know she used to pray; her absence—unalterable absence at the hour of family worship, of social reading, of the domestic table; her no more being in her place to receive me on my return home from occasional absence; the thought of what she would have said, or how she would have acted, on subjects or occasions that come in question; the remembrance how she did speak or act in similar instances—all such things as these will renew the pensive emotions, and tell me still again what I have lost—what that was, and how great its value, which the sovereign Disposer has, in his unerring wisdom, taken away. Yes; it is *He* that has taken away what it was *He* that gave me, and what was so dear and valuable to me; and I would not, I think I do not, rebel against his dispensation; I would not even repine or complain beyond that degree which he will regard with a merciful compassion. I should, and would be, thankful for having been indulged with the possession so long. Certainly, neither of us would, if such an exception *might* be made to an eternal law, recall our dear departed companions from their possession of that triumph over sin, and sorrow, and death, to which they have been exalted. However great our deprivation, how transcendently greater is their advancement in the condition of existence! And we should be unworthy to be loved by them still, as I trust that, even at this very hour, we are, if we could for a moment entertain such a wish."—Vol. ii., p. 209.

The ruling idea in Foster's mind, as a religious

man—the centre towards which his thoughts reverted, was the condition of the soul immediately on its quitting the body. Religious men, of a thoughtful turn, and of a higher and more elastic animal temperament, look onward to that bright immortality wherein, and under happier auspices, the spirit incarnate is to set forward anew upon the high way of action, acquisition, service. Foster's meditative wing faltered as if in front of the precipitous bulwarks of Paradise—not daring to soar toward the empyreal noon. We read this sort of feeling always when his imagination would go forward toward eternity, in such passages as the following:—

"Any view of eternity is overwhelming to thought, but peculiarly to the thought that we, that this very soul shall exist forever. Sometimes, even apart from the idea of retribution, it seems almost fearful. 'How can I sustain an endless existence? How can I prolong sentiment and action forever and ever? What may or can become of me in so stupendous a predicament? What an accumulation of miracles to preserve my faculties, my being, from becoming exhausted and extinct!' How can there be an undecaying, ever new, and fresh vitality and animation, to go powerfully along with an infinite series of objects, changes, excitements, activities!"—Vol. ii., p. 376.

But although melancholic enough in temperament, he was far too much the intellectualist, and too devout, in a scriptural sense, to stop short at the *grave*: he was no moping frequenter of churchyards; he did not haunt charnel-houses; he did not gather wise saws from the sexton's lips. The strong tendency of his mind toward *actuality* led him to lay hold of that which was the *nearest*;—that condition of the soul which those who had recently left him, and who were vividly present to his feelings, had *now* undergone. The state of the dead was his recurrent theme—the home of his meditations, from the first to the last, as when, in prospect of his own dissolution, believed to be not very remote, and on hearing of the death of a friend, he exclaimed:—"They don't come to tell us," (the secrets of the invisible world,) and then, after a short silence, emphatically striking his hand upon the table, he added, with a look of intense seriousness, "But we shall know *some time*."

Very many passages might be cited from these volumes, bearing upon this one subject, and in which, with not much variety of thought, the one feeling of baffled and astounded curiosity is expressed. A letter also, or essay, "On the Intermediate State," expounds the same feeling, and serves rather to state forcibly the supposed difficulty connected with our utter ignorance of the world of souls, than to throw light upon the general subject, considered as an article of Christian belief.

The death of his wife—not his wife merely, but his soul's companion and intimate, naturally gave a deep intensity to his customary meditations on this ground.

"Can it be—how is it—what is it—that we are now not inhabitants of the same world—that each has to think of the other as in a perfectly different economy of existence? Whither is she gone—in what manner does she consciously realize to herself the astonishing change—how does she look at herself as no longer inhabiting a mortal tabernacle—in what manner does she recollect her state as only a few weeks since—in what manner does she think, and feel, and act, and communicate with other spiritual beings—what manner of vision has

she of God and the Saviour of the world—how does she review and estimate the course of discipline through which she had been prepared for the happy state where she finds herself—in what manner does she look back on *death*, which she has so recently passed through—and does she plainly *understand* the nature of a phenomenon so awfully mysterious to the view of mortals? How does she remember and feel respecting *us*, respecting *me*? Is she associated with the spirits of her departed son, and two children who died in infancy? Does she indulge with delight a confident anticipation that we shall, after a while, be added to her society? If she should think of it as, with respect to some of us, many years, possibly, before such an event, does that appear a *long* time in prospect, or has she begun to account of duration according to the great laws of eternity? Earnest imaginings and questionings like these arise without end; and still, still, there is no answer, no revelation. The mind comes again and again up close to the thick black veil; but there is no perforation, no glimpse. She that loved me, and I trust loves me still, will not, cannot, must not answer me. I can only imagine her to say, 'Come and see; serve our God so that you shall come and share, at no distant time.'"—Vol. ii., p. 230.

"The deep interest of the subject has led me to think more, and to read a little more, concerning that mysterious *hades*. How strange that Revelation itself has kept it so completely veiled. Many things in that economy probably could not be made intelligible to us in this our grossly material condition; but there are many questions which could be distinctly and intelligibly answered. How striking to consider that those who were so *late*ly, with us, asking those questions in vain, have now the perfect experimental knowledge. I can image the very look with which my departed Maria would sometimes talk or muse on this subject. The mystery, the frustration of our inquisitiveness, was equal to us both. What a stupendous difference *now*! And in her present grand advantage she knows with what augmented interest of solemn and affectionate inquisitiveness my thoughts will be still directed, and in vain, to the subject. But she knows why it is proper that I should for a while continue still in the dark—should share no part of her new and marvellous revelation."—Vol. ii., p. 238.

A very remarkable letter, addressed to his friend Hughes, of whose nearly approaching end he had been informed, contains the following passages:—

"But oh! my dear friend, whither is it that you are going? Where is it that you will be in a few short weeks or days hence? I have affecting cause to think and to wonder concerning that unseen world; to desire, were it permitted to mortals, one glimpse of that mysterious economy, to ask innumerable questions to which there is no answer—what is the manner of existence—of employment—of society—of remembrance—of anticipation of all the surrounding revelations to our departed friends! How striking to think, that *she*, so long and so recently with me here, so beloved, but now so totally withdrawn and absent, that she experimentally knows all that I am in vain inquiring!

"And a little while hence, you, my friend, will be an object of the same solemn meditations and wandering inquiries. It is most striking to consider—to realize the idea that *you*, to whom I am addressing these lines, who continue yet among

mortals, who are on this side of the awful and mysterious veil—that you will be in the midst of these grand realities, beholding the marvellous manifestation, amazed and transported at your new and happy condition of existence, while your friends are feeling the pensiveness of your absolute and final absence, and thinking how, but just now, as it were, you were with them.”—Vol. ii., p. 241.

“It does always appear to me very unaccountable (among, indeed, so many other inexplicable things,) that the state of the soul after death, should be so completely veiled from our serious inquisitiveness. That in some sense it is proper that it should be so, needs not be said. But is not the sense in which it is so, the *same* sense in which it is proper there should be *punitive* circumstances, privations, and inflictions, in this our sinful state? For one knows not how to believe, that *some* revelation of that next stage of our existence would not be more influential to a right procedure in this first, than such an *absolute unknown*. It is true, that a profound darkness, which we know we are destined ere long to enter, and soon to find ourselves in amazing light, is a striking object of contemplation. But the mind still, again and again, falls back from it, disappointed and uninstructed, for want of some defined forms of reality to seize, retain, and permanently occupy it. In default of revelation, we have to frame our conjectures on some principle of analogy which is itself *arbitrary*, and without any means of bringing it to the test of reason.

“* * * * * It is a subject profoundly interesting to myself; my own advance into the evening of life is enough to make it so; and then the recent events! You have your own special remembrances, though, as to the several objects, going to a considerable time back, I have one most interesting *recent* object: and there are—were—*Hall, Anderson, Hughes*; where and what are they now! at this very instant how existing, how employed?”—Vol. ii., p. 248.

To the allied subjects—that is to say, to subjects that are allied, either by some real connection existing between them, or by the homogeneity of the feelings they excite—there are very frequent allusions in Foster's letters. In truth, a sort of monotonous pensiveness—the mood into which one unconsciously falls while listening to the continuous tolling of the funeral bell—coming across a silent valley, in a summer's evening, prevails throughout. The brevity of life; the decay of the body; (and Foster begins to call himself an old man as early as possible, and a broken man while he was apparently in firm health;) the death of friends; the shifting of all earthly interests; the solemnities of the future life—these are the staple of his letters varied by references, more or less formal, to the sad condition of the moral world—the hopelessness of any remedial means—and to those weighty and insoluble problems which have ever been the burden of reflecting spirits, relating to the position and the destinies of the human family, and its relationship to the justice, the wisdom, the power, the goodness of God. Politics also, and literature, take their turns; nevertheless to whatever topics he may divert, in his converse with his friends, or when writing for the press, *these* were his own themes; these the constitutional material of his thoughts: and he himself, with his high and over-wrought moral sensibility—his rich, vivid, and awe-struck imagination—his mel-

ancholic animal temperament—and his deep and reverential piety, might, better than any one else, who has become known to the world in modern times, be taken and regarded as a type of the *MEDITATIVE SPIRIT*. His mind was so fashioned as to fit it for reflecting, in portentous outline and lurid color, the lot and fate of man, as severed from the favor of his Maker, and yet as not released from his eternal obligations to sovereign justice.

That special mood of mind which we here intend, and which, as we think, Foster so signally realized, should, were there any practical purpose in view, be distinguished from those conditions of the mind with which it might perhaps be confounded. Foster's mood, then, was not that of the mystic, whose mental structure must include more of the abstractive faculty than he possessed, (who was in fact wanting in this power,) and far less vividness of the moral instincts. With the mystic—and this is his criterion—moral sensibility—heart-power, is either originally deficient, or it has become paralyzed. Foster again and again, and in the most impassioned manner, says, “take away the atonement and I am utterly wretched.” But the mystic, although the *doctrine* of the atonement may find a place in his written creed, is little conscious of its presence, nor does he much need it; his soul does not turn upon that pivot; he has made his way, by dint of contemplation, so far within the orb of the Deity, that he does not think of a mediator, or desire a way of reconciliation and of access to God. Besides, the mystic is of too calm a mood to trouble himself with the ills that are affecting his fellow-men; it is not *he* who kindles into tempestuous indignation at the hearing of injustice, misrule, hypocrisy; *he* could never annoy us, as Foster so often does, by the utterance of intemperate denunciations, or by uncharitable violences of language. The mystic makes himself as happy in his airy region, as is the insect that takes its circuit, high in the bright sunshine, over a battle field, or a city smote with pestilence.

Nor was Foster's mood (if we are free to speak of it without reserve) that of more happily constituted Christian minds. Devout as he was, and eminently serious and energetic too, as to his settled belief—his morbid instinct, and his gloomy imagination, stood between him and that “light and peace” which, notwithstanding the state of the world, belongs to, and distinguishes, the genuine Christian temper. Paul, assuredly, was as much alive, as a good man ought to be, to the condition of his fellow-men; nor was he, either in a mystical, or in a secular sense, of an abstracted and insensitive temper; and yet his epistles do not contain a line indicative of a mood of mind resembling Foster's. One feels, even when not able to detect the sophism precisely, that there *is*, and must be, a capital fallacy somewhere, in his line of reasoning; there *must* be, for the whole tenor of the apostolic writings implies the very contrary to his conclusions. If space permitted we could exemplify this discordance in several remarkable instances. A fellow traveller, sometimes, who has unluckily chanced to get off the road, is seen making great strides in the right direction, but yet over ground so rugged and impracticable, that though he *does* keep abreast of the company, one expects to see him fall exhausted at every step. Such a feeling attends the perusal of Foster's letters.

Nor is Foster to be numbered among metaphysic reasoners; for neither the limit of his faculty, nor his moral tastes, would have allowed him to grasp pure abstractions, or to pursue the interminable track of those who have attempted to solve the problems of the moral world, by an analysis of primary ideas. The *Theodicæa* was not *his* book; Leibnitz was not *his* master, any more than Malebranche, or Clarke, or Jonathan Edwards. He frankly acknowledges, more than once or twice, that he found the greatest difficulty in attempting to prosecute any purely abstract course of thought.

It can scarcely be necessary to say, that Foster's pensive musings had no alliance whatever with the inquiries, with the deductions, or with the hypotheses that belong to Science—to philosophy, properly so called. While he pays respect, as so intelligent a man would be sure to do, to science, he does not conceal the fact that his acquaintance with its processes or deductions was superficial; nor does he anywhere himself attempt to follow out a course of reasoning in a scientific mode.

But, though neither mystic, metaphysician, nor philosopher, we claim Foster as a clearly defined type of the MEDITATIVE MOOD; and he is so, not in any vague sense, but in a special manner, as related to the progress of the human mind, and its recent development. He is the meditative man of *this present epoch*—he represents the passing crisis of that economy whereto he actually belongs. His intense moral sensitiveness, the refinement of his notions on ethical questions—a refinement bordering always upon sophistication and extravagance, and, especially, that reflective habit, which brings before the mind—ever and again, and with a painful sense of its being an urgent reality—the actual condition, and the destiny of the human family—these elements of Foster's intellectual life are not simply *his*; for they mark the ripening and development of christianized civilization at this moment. Remarkable men, it is often said, *represent*, as well as mould their times: Foster represents, quite as much as he has moulded his.

Many pages would barely suffice to convey, even in outline, an idea of what we have here in view—namely, the rise and progress of that REFLECTIVE MOOD which makes the lot or fate of man on earth, and his future destiny, its object and its burden. We must entirely resist the temptation to enter upon a theme so copious, so fertile, so wide in its range, so momentous in its bearings upon the future history of the human mind. We must not dare even to name the men whose names mark the changing aspects of this occult history—this recondite progression of the intellectual system, from the oriental era to the present age—the history of *man's own feeling* concerning his place in the universe, and the treatment he meets with in it. It must here suffice to remind the thoughtful reader, that what takes place in the development of the character of an individual, takes place, in its essential element, during the development of a race or community; or indeed of the human family, so far as it is civilized and christianized. The brute man—untaught, and occupied wholly with the toils, pains, and sensuous enjoyments of animal existence, does not stay to inquire concerning his own lot, *as better or worse than it might be*; much less concerning the lot of his fellows—his clan or nation:—least of all, concerning the destiny of his species, as dependent upon, and as related to

Almighty wisdom and beneficence. But, now, let us impart culture to this being; and with culture, so improve his condition, as to allow him leisure—leisure to ponder his lot, and to ask himself whether he be happy or miserable; and then he will begin to think himself—if not miserable, yet far less happy than he might be, and ought to be. And if his position be subordinate—if his well-being is dependent upon the will of those who are, or who seem to be, more blessed than himself, and then we go on to cherish in him the moral instincts—to quicken those sensibilities that kindle, and are again kindled by the imagination. Do this, and the man resents his fortunes—his bosom heaves with pride—he challenges his master to establish his right of domination, and he revolves the purpose, and contrives the means of liberty. Still farther, call up the affections, give him social excitements, refine his good-will, talk to him of the well-being of those whom he has never seen, wake up that mighty force of the human soul—the faculty of moral abstraction—school him in the science of rights, of duties, of privileges:—thus train him, and teach him, too, to think himself immortal; thus make him a thousand times more than he was at the first; and far happier too, in any genuine and worthy sense of the word, and then he will have learned to believe himself wronged and unhappy;—he will have exchanged brute hilarity for a painful sensitiveness toward innumerable ills, and for a moody petulance, ever questioning the heavens, and asking—“Hast thou made all men in vain?”

Christianity and philosophy exerting their influence upon the human family, first severally and then conjointly, and continuing to act upon each other, so as to enhance the influence of each; Christianity and philosophy thus quickening and refining the human spirit, have done, and are doing for civilized communities that which we have just now imagined to be done for the individual man. And now at length, that is to say, within these “last days,” the reflective mood, under its various phases—political and religious, threatens all institutions, convulses nations, perplexes philosophy, and almost endangers Christianity itself.

And yet how wonderfully are the forces of the moral world held in equipoise amid perpetual movements!—even as the planetary masses are preserved in equilibrio while all are running their circuits! Those excitements of the reflective mood which now seem to be giving it a dangerous intensity, are themselves abated by a reaction that comes on, as if in obedience to some deep law of nature. Real advances in the social condition of a community render men so much the more painfully sensitive of political ills, and dangerously resentful of political wrongs; in consequence, the entire fabric of society is threatened; the course of improvement is therefore necessarily arrested, the community falls back on its course, and it awaits another season. And so if we look to Christianity, which in our times has done very much more to refine the sentiments of nations than to reform their morals—which has winged the thoughts of the thoughtful, has lent philosophy an upward impulse, has suffused those gentle sympathies that lead men to *consider* their fellows even when they do not love them:—Christianity has taught, it has trained, it has driven men to think at large of “human well-being, of human responsibility, of human frailty,” and of the individual import of the

pains and joys of life, and all this in a manner that now recoils upon Christianity itself, and leads—it has led extensively—to a silent but resentful rejection of its own claims!

To individuals professing to reject Christianity on such grounds, the question might fairly be put, "What is it that has taught you to think Christianity and its revelation of futurity incredible?" The true answer, although it is an answer which we should obtain only from ingenuous bosoms, would be, "It is Christianity itself that has taught us a mode of thinking, and has suffused through our souls a moral instinct, which, to us, renders it, taken as a whole, incredible, or, if not incredible, insupportable!"

It surely would not be a difficult task to prove that a scheme of spiritual principles which in any such manner as this operates to expand and to rectify our notions of FIRST TRUTHS, to purify the moral temperament, and to soften and to vivify the instinctive sympathies, and to refine the tastes, as well as to raise the standard of virtue in a community, can itself be nothing but TRUTH. "Can you indeed believe?" we should say to such persons, "Can you deliberately believe a system to be earth-born, and (which if it be not from heaven must involve frauds and errors that are of lower origin than earth) can you think a system false which is capable of working upon a civilized and instructed community in the way which Christianity works? Can you give verdict against it, and say that it is a fraud?"

It is, however, quite beside our present purpose, as well as wholly superfluous, to attempt an apology for the Gospel. We have another and a special object in view—an object obtruded upon us by the consideration of what might be termed—Foster's case. This case is of a kind that involves deep consequences, and demands, we think, the most serious regard at the present moment.

It has been usual at all times during the last fifty years, and especially among Protestant writers, to expatiate upon the corruptions of Christianity, such as have attached to Romanism in Spain, Italy, and France, as the fertile sources of infidelity and atheism. The mass of men, it is said, knowing little or nothing of the religion of Christ, beyond what priests and monks have taught and shown them, have concluded all to be an imposture, where so much of profligacy and of fraud was apparent. This is quite true, and it is obvious too; meantime something else—something not so obvious, and yet not less momentous, or less deserving of regard, is also true, namely—That the wide suffusion of a purified Christianity on the surface of society, and the indirect influence of the refinement of tastes which thence results, especially among the cultivated classes, is generating infidelity and pantheism among us, silently, but to a great extent. Popery, with its barbaric polytheism, its miracles, its cruelties, has probably done, or nearly done its work, as the parent of infidelity. Men of education, throughout Europe, have at length come to see that Voltaire's inference, carried over from Popery to the Gospel, was as incorrect and unphilosophical as it was wicked. German neology has underdug French flippancy; nor need more be said in confutation of this sophism, for it is obsolete.

But that other, and more deep-seated source of perplexity and of unbelief to which we are here adverting, is *not* obsolete, it has *not* spent itself;

for it has only of late come into operation; it is only now making itself felt; and barely does it draw upon itself, as yet, any observation, even from the most observant and thoughtful minds. And yet what can be of more serious import? Our space admits of nothing beyond a hasty reference to a subject which might well employ the undiverted attention of any who may be competent to pursue it.

John Foster, such as he appears in these volumes, lay prostrate and helpless amid the desolations of the moral universe: he clung to his belief as a Christian; yet, in doing so, he held fast also to a very dark despondency. But minds more elastic than his, and less profound too, will leap up from the same slough, leaving behind them as well their despondency as their belief. They will go away lightened, just as a ship is lightened, which, in a gale of wind, has thrown overboard, not its ballast only, but its stores of food and water: the vessel dances now over the billows—and will dance—until the crew has perished! Foster's mood of mind exhibits, in a marked manner, what the last fifty years have been doing for us, under the light—light rather than warmth—of a purified Christianity. It is not that tendency to unrestrained speculation and skepticism which is said to attach to Protestantism, and which has had its course in Germany, that we are now speaking of; but it is a silent influence over the imagination, and over the moral sentiments of a cultured people, which springs from the wide diffusion of the Gospel itself; we mean the Gospel *freed from corruptions, but bereft of power*.

We are, however, accosted—and perhaps angrily—by the question, "What then! Do you intend to say that truth, purely enounced, can operate to bring about its own rejection?" Yes, we are bold to affirm, that it does so, if it be not ministered in the plenitude of its forces: it is doing so *now*, to an extent little thought of; and it will go on doing so, unless those renovations of the spiritual life come in, which might lodge Christianity far more firmly, than at present, in the minds of men.

Take a sample of quotations from Foster's letters, such as should fairly represent his habitual views, his ordinary state of mind, and the deep gloom that oppressed him through the greater part of his course. It may be well to strengthen our argument by a passage or two;—five times as much might be cited.

"I hope, indeed may assume, that you are of a cheerful temperament; but are you not sometimes invaded by the darkest visions and reflexions, while casting your view over the scene of human existence, from the beginning to this hour? To me it appears a most mysteriously awful economy, overspread by a lurid and dreadful shade. I pray for the piety to maintain a humble submission of thought and feeling to the Wise and Righteous Disposer of all existence. But to see a nature created in purity, qualified for perfect and endless felicity, but ruined, at the very origin, by a disaster devolving fatally on all the race—to see it in an early age of the world estranged from truth, from the love and fear of its Creator, from that, therefore, without which existence is a thing to be deplored—abandoned to all evil, till swept away by a deluge—the renovated race revolting into idolatry and iniquity, and spreading downward through ages in darkness, wickedness, and misery;—no divine dispensation to enlighten and reclaim it,

except for one small section, and that section itself a no less flagrant proof of the desperate corruption of the nature;—the ultimate, grand remedial visitation, Christianity, laboring in a difficult progress and very limited extension, and soon perverted from its purpose into darkness and superstition for a period of a thousand years—at the present hour known, and even nominally acknowledged, by very greatly the minority of the race, the mighty mass remaining prostrate under the infernal dominion of which countless generations of their ancestors have been the slaves and victims—a deplorable majority of the people in the Christian nations strangers to the vital power of Christianity, and a large proportion directly hostile to it; and even the institutions pretended to be for its support and promotion, being baneful to its virtue—its progress in the work of conversion, in even the most favored part of the world, *distanced* by the progressive increase of the population; so that even there, (but to a fearful extent if we take the world at large,) the disproportion of the faithful to the irreligious is continually increasing;—the sum of all these melancholy facts being, that thousands of millions have passed, and thousands every day are passing, out of the world, in no state of fitness for a pure and happy state elsewhere. Oh, it is a most confounding and appalling contemplation!"—Vol. ii., p. 444.

Upon passages such as the foregoing we should remark, *first*, that it is a style of speaking which, although not often *heard*, is truly characteristic of—it is symptomatic of—this present era. It is not the style of any *past* era. We could adduce striking illustrations of the fact, by citing what should be parallel passages, from the writers of successive ages. To go no further back, Foster's language is not that of the sober non-conformists whom he would have called his ecclesiastical predecessors and fathers. It was in a light essentially differing from this, that Baxter was accustomed to look upon the very same objects. And, assuredly, the robust disputants of the Westminster Assembly were not soul-troubled in any such manner! Theologically, as well as logically, and to their own entire ease of mind and "comfort," they dealt with, and finally determined questions, the mere thought of which broke Foster's heart! Had he, with his mournful strains, come in *their* way, they would have regarded him as little better than a blasphemer; and it is a doubt if even his hatred of prelacy would have been held good for "bailing" his ears. No—in their time the recovered Christianity of Luther's period had not, in any such manner, purified the moral or the intellectual atmosphere, as is implied in breathings, and in sighs, such as those of Foster's correspondence with his friends. Two hundred years ago the great truths of the Gospel beat strong in the trunk arteries; but had not sent fine feelings and a fine complexion to the surface of man's moral nature. All modes of thinking were barbaric, and the modes of feeling were such as might allow good men, with an easy conscience, to burn one another; and such as strengthened them to endure their hour when their own time came to be burned. The conventional ideas of the divine government had been compacted out of men's recollections of the ways of the Holy Office, and their experience of Star Chamber mercy. They read Scripture by a Smithfield light, and were not appalled at that which we read with heart-stricken discomfort. The very same things

which stagger our belief in Christianity, strengthened theirs.

But we have a *second* remark to make upon the passages we have just now cited, and it is this, namely:—That as the appearance of sentiments such as these is characteristic of the times, and is an indication of what is going on around us—occultly perhaps—so, the diffusion of these modes of feeling, through the religious community, ought at once to be met, on the part of whoever is competent to the task, in a wise and effectual manner.

There are those who will say—Leave this sort of melancholy and unprofitable moodiness to itself; it will never spread; it will never affect more than a few minds of morbid structure, similar to Foster's. This is, we think, an inconsiderate conclusion, and it is one which will be accepted only by those who are living in too great a bustle to find leisure for *thinking*, and who, accustomed to look down, from pulpits and platforms, upon areas filled with faces, surmise little or nothing of what is going on in the secrecy of bosoms. It is quite true that you may find means for discouraging and for dissipating melancholy modes of thinking; but, if you wholly succeed in doing so, you bring a community that once was deep-feeling into the frivolous shallows of literary, scientific, and sensuous impiety. What is the gain of this process to religion? Look at the general condition of society in France! Nothing can be more perilous than the attempt to turn off religious meditation from its path, by means that are not of homogeneous quality.

The further spread of Christianity is not merely devoutly desired by Christians, but is looked for as a probable event. We ought, however, to remember that it *may* spread—it may continue to spread in the way in which, of late years, it has—superficially, but not deeply;—that is to say, everywhere raising the tone of moral sentiment—purifying the domestic atmosphere—removing from view, throughout Christian countries, whatever is morally offensive—cherishing and promoting beneficent enterprises—and, in a word, diffusing, on all sides, a vital sensitiveness, and bringing all minds into a habit of *benevolent reflectiveness*. It may do all this—and it may do it to an extent of which we cannot now calculate the consequences—and yet, as at present, it may be making little or no progress as a deep spiritual power, evolving mighty counteractive influences within the bosoms of men *individually*. What, then, ought we to anticipate as the inevitable consequence? The consequence, infallible, irresistible, is—and we ask that the import of our words may be seriously considered—the result of the expected and desired diffusion of Christianity, in highly civilized countries, *under its present aspect* of a mild, purifying, but powerless influence, is an antagonist reaction from Christianized sensibilities, upon Christianity itself, and which must bring about, unless the course of things be early arrested, the substitution silently of a Christianized Pantheism.

Let it be remembered, that what we are now dealing with are not those definite causes which may be capable of being scientifically stated and logically followed out to their effect. We are speaking of a thing so indeterminable as the moral sensitiveness of communities, and of the consequences that are involved in the presence of this vague force. We are speaking of the nebulous matter of the moral universe; but, because it is imponderable, unfixed, and not to be mapped, is

this influence therefore unimportant? If any could think so, we might remind them of what this same unappreciable power, slowly rising, by a few degrees yearly, and suffusing itself wider and wider, has effected in our times. The adjuncts of the national movement thrown out of our estimate, it was this silent swell of the moral sensitiveness of an entire people, that at length denounced the "trade in blacks" as a horrible crime, and which, so far as the people's will and acts could go—suppressed it. Again, the same tide of feeling, rippling upward always in the British bosom, at length denounced slavery itself as an intolerable evil, and annulled it, and paid the price, cash down, for buying relief from that anguish which the thought of slavery had come to inflict upon the keen moral sensitiveness of the British people. But where was this same mighty influence fifty years ago? Latent, yet not latent, simply because the appalling facts regarding slavery had not then been presented to the British mind;—but it was latent, just as the vigorous affections of manhood—the determined energies of five-and-twenty—are asleep in the brain and bosom of the rude, reckless, purposeless schoolboy. The reflective mood had not been ripened until of late.

To the development of the same slow-working forces, must be attributed that great movement of our times—the Evangelic Mission to the heathen world; and to the same, a hundred forms of Christianized benevolence; and to the same, a rise in the moral energies of the domestic economy. Whence come the anxious inquiries of parents as to the disposal of their children at school and afterwards, consistently with their highest welfare? Was a solicitude of this sort prevalent fifty years ago? We think not. And whence arises the eagerness with which books are caught up, professing to treat of the moral domestic economy, and of the functions and duties of the maternal character? All these things are the indications, and they are the results, of that enhancement of the moral consciousness which has been in progress in England—especially, which is now in progress, and which, in its silent course, is swelling and heading itself up to act, we will not say when, or in what precise manner, upon Christianity;—yes, upon that very Christianity whence the whole influence has taken its rise.

In whatever way this looked-for reaction should be met, and whatever those means are which thoughtful men should labor to render effective for the conservation of religious belief, the motives for an early consideration of the subject, are rendered imperative by some collateral facts, the influence of which upon religious belief at large, and upon the *meditative consciousness* of the educated classes, has rendered itself obvious, and must become more and more so every year. The reader will know that we here refer to that indirect modification of religious notions and sentiments, that results insensibly from the spread and consolidation of the modern sister sciences—Astronomy and Geology, which, immeasurably enlarging as they do, our conceptions of the universe, in its two elements of space and time—expel a congeries of narrow errors, heretofore regarded as unquestionable truths, and open before us, at once, a Chart, and a History of the Dominions of Infinite Power and Wisdom!

We should hasten to exclude the supposition that, in thus mentioning the relation of the modern sciences to Christianity, we are thinking of anything so small and incidental as are the alleged discre-

pancies between the terms of biblical history in certain instances, and the positive evidence of science. All such discordances—whether real or apparent, will find the proper means of adjustment, readily and finally, in due time. We have no anxieties on this subject. Men "easily shaken in mind," will rid themselves of the atoms of faith which perhaps once they possessed, by the means of "difficulties," such as these. But it is not from causes so superficial that serious danger to the faith of a people is to be apprehended.

What we have in view is that involuntary, and suddenly affected shifting of our intellectual position, which the discoveries of astronomy and geology have brought about:—a change of position, involving a change equally great, in the apparent magnitude of all those objects in the presence of which our religious conceptions have hitherto been formed;—a change, too, in our notions both of the processes, and of the principles of creative power. We had formed our ideas, very distinctly, of what God had done, and *when* it was done, and *why*, and now, not without amazement, we read on all sides a startling comment upon the words—"My ways are not as your ways—nor my thoughts as your thoughts, saith the Lord."

It would be idle to imagine that these vast revelations of Time and Space—God's own providential revelations of his own works and ways, should exert no influence—or that they *ought* to exert no influence upon those notions of the divine government, and of the moral universe, which were formed in the dark, and during the times of our ignorance of everything more remote from us than a few hundred miles, and a few hundred years. It is in vain to imagine that a Chinese wall can be carried up around the celestial empire of superannuated theological formulas—a wall which must be as lofty as the stars, and so impervious as to intercept all communications between that sacred enclosure, and the open world of philosophy! This cannot be done; and assuredly it ought not to be desired.

The one science—call it astronomical geology, or geological astronomy, is daily bringing home to all minds the conviction that the universe is *one place*—that it is built of one material—that it is governed by one set of laws, and is adapted to the support of analogous, if not of identical modes of conscious existence; and that it presents, amid infinite diversities of forms and conditions, the prevalence of principle—shall we term it, THE DREAD UNIFORMITY OF FIRST LAWS! All discoveries bear this same inference, every deduction brings forward the same conclusion. The colossal telescope—the infinitesimal analysis—which gives expression to the revelations of the telescope, say the same thing; and what else do those aërolites say, that dash upon our planet? what are they but epistles from the skies, charged with a symbolic message to this effect—That the planetary stuff is all one, and the same!

In rigid logic—logic after the fashion of the mediæval theology, it makes no difference in the working of a metaphysic or ethical problem, whether the consequence attaches to "few—that is to eight souls," or to millions. Whatever it is that can be made to appear to be certain, or probable, as relating to the *few*, must be granted to be certain, or probable, also, even when the conclusion is discovered to embrace the well-being of the million. But it is not, and it will not be the same in relation to the meditative consciousness—to that

involuntary conviction which seizes the mind under the influence of vast and unlooked-for discoveries. The strict logician may hold in contempt our groundless impressions, our unproven and our undemonstrable notions. Yet these impressions, and these notions, spring, we tell him, from the very ground of our moral nature; they are products of the rudiments of the intellectual life.

Henceforward, whatever is held to be true, on well ascertained scriptural testimony—that is to say—true as *law* and *principle*—when brought to bear upon the human family, will be held to be true also, as law and principle, bearing upon the breadth of that realm which astronomy describes, and taking effect throughout those eras of which geology is the chronicle!

In what manner then will expanded conceptions, of this kind, come in, and operate upon, that future, and much enhanced moral consciousness—upon that refined sensitiveness, upon that reflective mode, which, on no very uncertain grounds, we assume as likely to attend the suffusion of a diluted Christianity! We retreat from the ground we have here reached, nor will we dare to conjecture, with any definitiveness or specification of particulars, what these results may be. The practical end we had proposed is attained, if we have shown a probability that—under all the actual circumstances of the present times, the wide diffusion of *such a Christianity*, refining more and more, but not deeply moving, the minds of men, would be likely to bring about a religious revolution not less extensive in its consequences than any which Christianized communities have hitherto undergone.

But if such a revolution is of a kind that must excite alarm, where is the remedy, or what are the available means of safety and prevention? We cannot be of opinion either that the true remedy is far to seek, or that it is of doubtful efficacy. We do not believe that the means proper for counteracting the influences we have referred to, are such as lie beyond the range of human wisdom to ascertain, or of the zealous endeavors of intelligent men to put in operation. Not indeed as if we would attribute more than is due to the sagacity, or to the energies of man, in relation to the sustentation and growth of religious belief. A deep sense of our absolute dependence, for wisdom and might, upon the divine aid, should impel Christian men devoutly to hope that both may be granted, and granted early, to some who shall set about to do what may be done for the renovation of the CHRISTIAN MIND, and the restoration of a profound and well-established religious belief.

A word is yet due to John Foster's memory—deserving as it is, of tenderness and reverential affection; and something should be said too, relative to that feature of this signal case which has given occasion to the preceding suggestions. In some of the passages we have cited, and in several we have not cited, every reader, whose mind is governed by religious awe and pious affections, will be tempted to draw back; he will tremble as if some one were inciting, or dragging him on, to look over the brim of a volcanic crater! Enough, enough! he will say—let us descend again to the tranquil levels of the Christian life! A feeling is generated as if these sombre and daring meditations must, at the next turn, lead to blasphemy; as if there were but a thin partition between John Foster, and Shelley, or Byron. Foster's genuine piety, his deep and unfeigned humility, held him

always off from taking that next step, beyond which lie the regions of atheism and despair! But it is impossible to watch the development of these ominous feelings, and to observe their parallelism with another class of feelings of similar aspect, without being convinced that a causal connection ran on from the one to the other.

Foster's prime years of manhood were contemporaneous (as we have already observed) with those dire events which turned many of the best formed brains in Europe. His intellectual and moral temperament was ill-fitted to resist those maddening influences; his early habits, his religious connections, his position in society, everything about him lent its aid to carry him forward in the one direction of democratic enthusiasm, and to breathe into his soul the frenzy of political and ecclesiastical demolition. "Overturn—overturn—overturn"—these were the notes ringing in his ears, day and night. But the course of events, at home and abroad, soon brought in upon such minds, and upon his, a crushing disappointment! Foster lived to see even his latest hope disappointed—that of the happy revolutions which were to ensue upon parliamentary reform!

"Unfortunately for me," he says, "from a temperament somewhat sanguine and ardent in youth, I am dried and cooled down to that of old age. The course of the world's events since that 'season of prime,' has been a grievous disappointment. No one who is not toward twice your age can have any adequate conception of the commotion there was in susceptible and inflammable spirits. The proclamation went forth, 'overturn, overturn, overturn,' and there seemed to be a responsive earthquake in the nations. The vain, short-sighted seers of us had all our enthusiasm ready to receive the magnificent changes; the downfall of *all* old and corrupt institutions—the explosion of prejudices—the demolition of the strongholds of ignorance, superstition, and spiritual, with all other, despotism—man on the point of being set free for a noble career of knowledge, liberty, philanthropy, virtue—and all that, and all that. A most shallow judgment, a pitiable ignorance of the nature of man, was betrayed in these elated presumptions. But they so possessed themselves of the mind as to prepare it to feel a bitterness of disappointment as time went on, through so many lustrums, and accomplished so niggardly a portion of all the dream."—Vol. ii., p. 443.

Disappointment as to the course of political events drove him first into egregious misapprehensions of the motives of public men, and then wrought in him a mood, or temper, which mastered his reason, and which, had it not been powerfully counteracted, would have broken up his religious convictions.

"I was pleased, not at all surprised, at your coincidence with me in opinion about dissenting ordinations, and also about a widely different matter, the principles of Wellington's policy in the measure so favorable to Ireland.

"One cannot help suspecting, that one of his chief motives was a wish to have the military force of the country more disposable for aid (under possible circumstances,) to support their infernal Mahomedan domination in the east of Europe, which one earnestly wishes—all mere political calculations out of the question—to see crushed by the Russian invasion. Under sanction of that old humbug, 'the balance of power,' and to prevent

some *eventually possible* inconvenience to our trade to the Levant—that is to say, reduced to plain terms, some pecuniary disadvantage—our government would not scruple to sink the nation a hundred millions deeper in debt. But Ireland again! who would have thought that the session of parliament, commencing with the beneficial *political* measure, would pass off without one particle of anything done for the internal relief and improvement of your miserable population—some plan for cultivating the waste land, or providing for the ejected cottagers? * * * Unfortunate Ireland, and England, too, in having, from generation to generation, a set of statesmen, and a court, who care really nothing for the public good, any otherwise and further than as it may serve the production of revenue! Still the world, our part of it included, is destined to mend. The sovereign Ruler over all has declared so. And the present extraordinary diffusion of knowledge, accompanied, we may hope, by augmentation of religion, the *mobility* so visible in the state of the world, the trembling and cracking of parts of the old fabric—the prostration of some of the inveterate tyrannies; these are surely signs that the changing and meliorating process is at last beginning. When our race arrive at such a state as prophecy unquestionably predicts, what will they, can they, think of the preceding ages, and of ours?—Vol. ii., p. 163.

If Foster had only mixed in general society enough to find out the simple fact, that *all* peers are not stupid scoundrels, and that *some* Tories are amiable, benevolent men, and that a few such are in a moderate degree wise, (of course not *so* wise as whigs!) he would not merely have corrected his views of political parties and events, but have learned to think more soberly, and more cheerfully too, and in a manner more in accordance with the tone of the Scriptures, on subjects of greater difficulty than are any mundane revolutions. Alas! that dusty attic at Stapleton, how much of sophistry, and how much of despondency has it to answer for!

"I have little hope of any material good for either nation from the present parliament, or from the new monarch about whom there is so mad a rant in fashion. What is such a man likely to know or care about the good of the nation, whose only notion of kingship, as far as yet appears, is that of enjoying himself at his ease (and putting other people at their ease with him) in a jolly, dashing, gadding sort of hilarity? Think of such a character, and then of the stupid baseness that, even in parliament, is calling him 'the best king that ever ascended the British throne.' It would be quite enough to say, that it is to be hoped *he is better than the last*, and there could not well be a *cheaper* praise.

"I am sure you cannot fail to contemplate, with great and serious interest, the portentous aspect of the affairs of the nations. There is coming into action, on a vast scale, a principle of change and commotion—of hostility, hatred, and defiance to the old established "order of things," which absolutely can never be quieted nor quelled—which must be progressive with augmenting knowledge ('knowledge is power,') but which in pervading and actuating a mass so dreadfully corrupt as mankind is in *every* nation, must inevitably, while a righteous Governor presides over the world, be accompanied in its progress by awful commotions and inflections. My settled impression is, that the rising generation

are destined to witness a process more tremendous than all their predecessors have beheld. While exulting at what has taken place in France, I have yet no confidence of a peaceful result in Europe."—Vol. ii., p. 190.

And who shall dare to deny the probability that a woe may be still impending over Europe, and the world? Nevertheless, those who have lived to see cloud after cloud pass over and disappear, will be encouraged to put their trust in Him whose compassion is infinite, and will, with a cheerful importunity, repeat daily the prayer—"That it may please thee to have mercy upon all men."

This disappointment of his hope of political revolution worked itself into his constitution in a form which we do not say was rancorous or malignant—for his nature was incapable of this—but of a settled vindictiveness—an implacable, undistinguishing resentment, of which all existing institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, and all persons in high places—all holders of rank, wealth, power—all "dignities, thrones, principalities," were the luckless objects. That animosity of which *POWER* and *OFFICE* were the butt, was, with him, little short of a monomania. To an extent of which we were not aware previously to the perusal of these volumes, such were unhappily the tendencies of this great, and, by *constitution*, of this benignant mind. Alas! our brother!

But it is evident that a mind thus accustomed to trace all the ills of life to the wicked selfishness of rulers, and which could never entertain the thought of domination, especially of *irresponsible domination*, apart from the recollection of those complicated woes to which humanity is liable, and of which tyrants are assumed to be, directly or indirectly, the authors—such a mind, we say, will not approach, without extreme peril, those deeper subjects of religious meditation that were, in fact, only too familiar to Foster's solitary musings. We need not pursue this painful subject further, and will only add an expression of our strong feeling—a feeling already hinted at in this article—that good taste, generous feeling toward a great mind departed, together with a calm and philosophic consideration of Foster's "case," and of his personal history, will avail to screen a name so dear to all of us, on the one hand, from the mockery of any who might, by aid of these letters, endeavor to hold up his opinions, extreme as they were, to contempt, and on the other, from the worse mistake of those who would strive to bolster doctrines such as Foster's with a reputation such as his.

Of Foster's literary course, or of his standing as an author, we do not think it incumbent on us to say much. Few circumstances of a marked or animated kind attended the production and appearance of his several works. They made a powerful impression at the time, and procured for him a widely extended and an undisputed fame; nor can we doubt that his essays will hold a permanent place in English literature;—they will always continue to nurture thought among the thoughtful. As a writer too, Foster has, in a very special manner, aided in bringing about that revolution, as to style, which signalizes the present era. Discarding at once, or cutting his way through that net-work of conventional phraseology which had embarrassed English literature, he took hold of the English language with an energetic grasp—wielded it as an implement of mind—bent it, this way and that, at his pleasure, and compelled it to convey, so far as any symbols can convey, the mind of a writer to the mind of a reader. Just what he was thinking—pen

in hand—that, and nothing more, nothing less, Foster compelled words and sentence to make known: he is one of a few who have brought the English tongue back from a sapless conventionality, to a vital actuality. He has helped to render words, phrases, sentences, paragraphs, a medium of intercourse between mind and mind, in the most abbreviated form possible. If his sentences are long and complicated, and his paragraphs cumbersome, it is because they are—for brevity sake—overcharged with meaning.

"Holdsworth sent me the *British Review*, in which, in the terms 'exquisite precision of language,' I fancy I see a recognition (and the only one I ever have seen or heard) of that which I consider as the advantageous peculiarity of my diction; namely, if I may use such a phrase, its *verity* to the ideas—its being composed of words and constructions merely and distinctly fitted to the thoughts, with a perfect disregard of any general model, and a rejection of all the set and artificial formalities of phraseology in use, even among good writers: I may add, a special truth and consistency in all language involving figure. If you are beginning to say, 'Let another praise thee, and not thyself,' I may ask whether it should not be an excepted case when that 'other' has not sense to see anything in me to praise. Quite enough, however, of the subject."—Vol. ii., p. 35.

"I am very glad, not that indolence has so long kept me from being an author, but glad of the fact of having not become an author sooner. A more advantageous impression will be made by the first production of so mature a character, than I should probably have made by a progressive improvement to the present intellectual pitch from such an inferior commencement as I should have made, even six or seven years since. I am gratified in feeling that my mind was reserved, either in consequence of something in its essential constitution, or from the defectiveness of its early discipline, for a late—a very late maturity. It is yet progressive; if I shall live six or ten years, and can compel myself to a rigorous, especially if to a *scientific*, discipline, I am certain it will *think* much better than it does now; though in the faculty of invention it has probably almost reached its limit.

"My total want of all knowledge of intellectual philosophy, and of all metaphysical reading, I exceedingly deplore. Whatever of this kind appears in these letters is from my own observation and reflection, much more than from any other resource. But everything belonging to abstraction has cost me inconceivable labor; and many passages which even now may appear not very perspicuous, or not, perhaps, even true, are the fourth or fifth labored form of the ideas. I like my mind for its *necessity* of seeking the abstraction of every subject; but, at the same time, this is, without more knowledge and discipline, extremely inconvenient, and sometimes the work is done very awkwardly or erroneously. How little a reader can do justice to the labors of an author, unless himself also were an author! How often I have spent the whole day in adjusting two or three sentences amidst a perplexity about niceties, which would be far too impalpable to be even comprehended, if one were to state them, by the greatest number of readers. Neither is the reader aware how often, after this has been done, the sentences or paragraphs so adjusted were, after several hours' deliberation the next day, all blotted out. The labor of months lies in this discarded state in the manuscripts, which I shall burn

when I know that the volume is all printed. Less of this kind of loss, however, would be sustained in making another volume; the long revision which I have now finished having given me a most excellent set of lessons in composition, in consequence of which I should much better execute the *first* writing, in the case of producing other works. You will forgive this egotism; none of it appears in the book."—Vol. i., p. 308.

Foster has not, however—such is our humble opinion—in any permanent or very appreciable manner, controlled the world of opinion. He has not visibly swayed a sceptre in the realm, either of thought or of action. Beside that he needed—for fulfilling any such function—a more solid structure of the reasoning faculty, as well as more of discipline and breadth;—more working force—more spring—more appliance—he must, before attempting the task which his eminent powers might seem to impose upon him—he must have mastered the despondency of his nature:—he must have known how to entertain *hope*, apart from *excitement*;—hope, as the mind's moving force and guide. He must, moreover, have laid aside absolutely—he must have handed over to the inferior spirits of his party that congeries of preposterous prejudices, in the midst of which, as if stifled and choked, he rather gasped than breathed;—struggled, rather than moved!

One great quality, however, and a true mark of a great mind, and which, had other faculties and dispositions been congenial, would have fitted him for office as a master of his times—as a leader of the people; and better, as a servant of God, discharging an arduous function; was his superiority to the egotism, the petty solicitude about literary reputation, the small ambition of the "author." On this ground, Foster must be allowed to stand higher than Robert Hall, and he was, we think, more capable of an act, or a course of self-sacrifice than he. If the alternative had even been distinctly placed before Hall of throwing the universe overboard, or of risking his fame as an accomplished master of sentences, there is no doubt he would have risked it; and yet not without an effort; whereas Foster would have done so with little or none. Great, not merely in mind, but in soul; yet he would have been greater if at all times Robert Hall could have forgotten "Robert Hall;" but the day he lived in offered trying temptations to a mind such as his—a mind exquisitely sensible of the very finest qualities of style, as well as alive to the grandest conceptions. He lived through the closing years of the era, gone probably forever, in which a bright fame might engage much of men's attention. The era of genius is past; and we live amid things, amid events, amid interests, amid masses, and in the midst of "the public welfare." Thirty and forty years ago personal fame was at a premium; now, it is at a discount.

As to the breadth and the depth of his soul, as to his sense of the urgency of whatever touches the well-being of man, as to his constitutional mindfulness of eternity, and his "conscience towards God," Foster might have done that which at the present moment is so much needed to be done. He was personally capable of resolving to compromise his literary *status*, if by doing so he might have woken the dull ear of his fellow-men, and have prevailed with them to listen to the "things pertaining to their peace." He might have dared to sound heaven's trumpet, although forecasting the probable consequence—that the wearers of nice ears would

severely criticise the performance. It was not any egotism (vanity he had none) that would have stood in his way in attempting the highest and the most perilous tasks. Had it been possible for him to banish forever from his thoughts the irritating recollection of that "intolerable nuisance, the established church," Foster might have done much in awakening men to a sense of their indefeasible relationship to eternal justice, and eternal mercy.

But John Foster is gone! Has his soul, his deep heart, his self-forgetting mind, his sorrowful and resentful sense of whatever bears upon the weal and woe of millions; has this intensely-feeling soul been breathed into any younger bosom? Among the men of twenty-three, the men who are to transact the affairs of the coming time, are there any who may be capable of the greatest services—ambitious of working—ambition apart; are there any, firm in reason and well-disciplined, calm in temper, immovable in resolve, and sound in belief, who would form the uncommunicated purpose of laboring to recall the Christian community to a sense of great truths, and to bring to bear upon the mass of minds, the unabated powers of the Christian Revelation?

Supposing there were the men to undertake such a work, they must remember that although it must be carried on from the pulpit *in part*, yet, as the world is now constituted, it must be mainly through the press; and so to carry it on demands years of sedulous preparation; it demands, at the least, a purpose formed, and steadily adhered to, through that seven years which rules a man's destiny—the period from three-and-twenty to thirty. But now if one should aspire to the task of schooling such a mind, one must remember that he whom one has in idea will not be *that very person*, unless he be moved from within, unless he be guided from within, unless he be instinct with that wisdom which never can be conveyed, as *a lesson*, from one mind to another.

But this is a theme too special and peculiar for the place and occasion. To descend for a moment to a lower ground, we must ask leave to express the earnest wish—a wish vividly renewed by our consideration of Foster's course and temper—that, in schools and colleges a loftier and *wider* feeling than seems at present to pervade many of such places were cherished. Nothing is more sickening

to the hopes which a Christian man fondly entertains for the coming time, than to find young bosoms—fresh from college, heaving with sectarian fervors!—to find that the acrid ecclesiastical temper of the present moment—this narrow, burning mood, is the mood, not of soured seniors, who are leaving the stage, but of young men! With perfect patience we could sit and hear grey inquisitors talking about "our church," and ringing changes upon the old "no salvation" bells; but it is nothing less than an anguish of the soul to listen to the heartless and hateful solemnities of church or sectarian bigotry—from ruddy lips! John Foster left his college with such views of the world and the church as were given him *there* and *then*, and which should not be heavily inculpated, considered in relation to the political and religious state of things in England, at the close of the last century, and more than fifty years ago. But is it so, that these fifty years have done so little for us, that the fear may be entertained lest another John Foster may even now be leaving college—his head perturbed with notions not more philosophically sound, or more becoming a Christian teacher, than were those held to be unquestionable truths at Bristol, and elsewhere, in the year 1792?

Let none say that we are seizing the occasion to aim a shaft at "the sects," or at "radicalism." It is not this religious community, or that—it is not this political doctrine, or that, which we deprecate; but it is that vehemence and rancor, ecclesiastical and political, which are turning men aside, everywhere, from the consideration of those truths which take a firm hold of the conscience, which, instead of irritating the temper, tranquillize it; which make man far more sensitive toward his own delinquencies, than toward the ecclesiastical or theological faultiness of others; which sicken men of the habit of dealing in denunciations; which make them tremble for themselves at the thought of God's thunderbolt, rather than grasp it to hurl at others. The diluted Christianity, the advances of which we dread, may well consist with sectarian fervor; but it will not consist with a deepened belief of the Gospel. The world has, in past times, seen church zeal, and pantheism, and polytheism, enthroned together; and may see them again associated: but not if Christianity entire, lodges itself in the hearts of men.

JULIET'S TOMB.—A sulky German woman showed me the sarcophagus, called Juliet's tomb, which still stands in a dirty shed at the bottom of a slovenly but luxuriant garden, evidently once belonging to a convent, no doubt that of Friar Lawrence. The coffin was half full of water; the edges of red marble were much mutilated, having been chipped to make relics; there is a circular depression in the stone to receive the head of the corpse, and it is of very large size, and clumsily constructed. It is certainly, although earlier than the date assigned as the period when the lovers lived, not Roman, as has been asserted, and that is all that can probably be known about it. A shabby old house, now a common inn, is shown as the palace of the Capulets; the antique vaulted passage, under which I passed to the yard behind, is curious, and there is much in the building which proves it to belong to the thirteenth century: a row of pretty ancient pointed windows may have faced the garden, and to one of them Juliet's balcony might have been attached; though this is one of the few houses in Verona which has

no balcony. I never saw so many in any place before, and a few are extremely ancient, some of carved wood, and some of ponderous ornamented stone.—*Miss Costello's Italy.*

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF INSECTS.—The importance of insects, commercially speaking, is scarcely ever thought of. Great Britain does not pay less than 1,000,000 of dollars annually for the dried carcasses of the tiny insect, the cochineal; and another Indian insect, gum shellac, is scarcely less valuable. More than 1,500,000 of human beings derive their sole support from the culture and manufacture of silk; and the silkworm alone creates an annual circulating medium of nearly 200,000,000 of dollars. 500,000 dollars are annually spent in England alone for foreign honey—at least 10,000 cwt. of wax is imported into that country every year. Then there are the gall-nuts of commerce, used for dyeing and making ink, &c.; while the cantharides, or Spanish fly, is an absolute indispensable in materia medica.—*Boston Transcript.*—[*Athenæum.*]

From Fraser's Magazine. (Conservative.)

WILL THE WHIG GOVERNMENT STAND?

THERE is no employment more profitless, in public as well as in private life, than to look back upon misfortunes that are beyond remedy, and to complain of their occurrence. Peel's corn-bill, whether for good or for evil, has become the law of the land. The great principle of free trade is established as that on which the commercial policy of this country must henceforth be conducted, and let its remote consequences be what they may, there is no power in any quarter to avert them. We have taken a step in politics which does not admit of recall. Lovers of the Arcadian state of existence may mourn over this, hankerers after feudalism complain or threaten, and men of soberer judgment than either doubt the wisdom of measures which bid fair to convert England, at no distant date, into a huge manufactory. But the impulse having been fairly given, we may no more hope to stay the progress of events than to arrest the speed of the railway carriage, or the descent of the loosened rock into the lake. We are in the beginning of changes, of which it would puzzle the sharpest-sighted to foretell the end, and there is positively no help for it.

Entertaining these opinions, and heartily subscribing to the doctrine that "the brave never repent," we purpose for the future, as often as the projects of politicians make a demand upon our attention, to look at them with a forward rather than with a backward glance, forgetting, as far as we are able, party feelings that have been engendered of old associations, and delivering our sentiments on men and things more with reference to the effects which they seem calculated to produce upon society hereafter, than in the idle purpose of trying them by the test of bygone arrangements. And here we must be permitted to observe, *in limine*, that in thus proposing to act, we are guilty of no abandonment of principle, that we have submitted to no change even of opinion. We believe now, as we always did, that the only true end of government is—to ensure the greatest amount of happiness to the greatest amount of persons. We are satisfied, likewise, that the ancient institutions of the country were admirably calculated to forward this end, so long as all classes, high and low, rich and poor, acted in the spirit of these institutions; for the settled institutions of a country have grown out of a state of things which had little or nothing to do with mere money-power; which linked territorial possession and political influence inseparably together; which made the owner of the soil the natural protector of the families, be they many or few, that dwelt within his domain; and held the church to be the teacher of all in divine things, and the ready and willing administrator of help to the needy. But if the course of time, and the changes wrought by it in the habits of society, have damaged all this, then we must be prepared to meet the evil in the best way that circumstances will permit. Now it is vain to think of denying that new elements have arisen, and entered into all our social relations. Commerce has become a science, towards the cultivation of which a high order of mind is directed. Trade, in point of importance to the well-being of the community, outstrips agriculture greatly. The relative numbers of the population employed upon the land, and in pursuits that congregate our masses in towns and cities, are quite changed. The amount of persons to whom

agriculture, in one shape or another, gives occupation, does not now exceed one fourth part of the population of Great Britain; if we take Ireland into account, it hardly reaches one third; and the proportion is continually growing less. In like manner the church, though still embracing a large majority of the people, is not the religion of the whole, and has long ceased by the legislature to be treated as if she were. Now it is obvious that, let our tastes and wishes take what direction they may, we have not the power to deal with a nation so circumstanced as if it were a purely agricultural and church nation. The masses must be fed and taught; and though we are satisfied that fed they would have been, both with temporal and spiritual food, quite as abundantly under the arrangements of 1842 as under those of 1846, we must not wonder if they, and still more their employers, entertain a different opinion. Besides, the wealth of the country is no longer monopolized by the lords of the soil. Men like Lord Ashburton, Mr. Jones Lloyd, Mr. Joseph Neeld, and many more whom we could name, regard their broad acres, abundant though they be, as mere playthings. Their riches are counted in stocks of various sorts, and they are by no means singular in this respect. We will undertake to name a dozen manufacturing firms in the north of England alone, of whom it would be no empty boast to say, that they could buy up one half of the squires in England, and that they give employment to a greater amount of persons than ten times the number of landowners, even if we include among them the most influential members of the house of lords. And as to the dissenters, if they lack the power to press important measures forward, they are sufficiently influential to stop all improvement if they choose, as is abundantly testified by the deplorable neglect into which the education question has fallen. With these facts staring us in the face, and remembering that we live under the constitution of 1832, it is no matter of astonishment to find that the feelings of the country are changed; that new men, with new opinions, are gradually usurping the places of our ancient aristocracy, not in regard to precedence or etiquette, or the polite forms of society, but in the power and the will to give to society itself a direction; and that, being able to wield the constituencies to their own purposes, they have fairly won the ascendant in the house of commons, and, as a necessary consequence, in the government.

He who sees all this—and he must be blind indeed who cannot see it—must with us acknowledge that we are in a state of social transition, and that such progress has been made towards a reorganization of the machine, that to stop short at what we have attained is impossible. At the same time there is no just cause to assume that our course is necessarily one of deterioration. Danger there may be—there always must be while a great people are changing their views of things—while ancient prejudices, or principles, if the term be preferred, are losing their hold upon men's minds, and the principles or prejudices that are to take their place remain as yet immature. But never surely was revolution—if a revolution it deserve to be called—carried forward with greater moderation than among us. Nobody makes an attack upon property. Many, in their secret souls may regret that it should have got into heaps, that hundreds should be overlaid with it, thousands moderately cared for, and millions in poverty. But the thinking among the poor themselves feel and understand, that they, far more than

their betters, would suffer from any attempt to break in upon the established order of things by violence. Nobody, as far as we can understand, seriously meditates an attack upon the house of lords. The custom of voting there by proxy will probably be discontinued; and, for our own parts, we shall be glad to see it quietly got rid of, for not on any principle of common sense can it be defended. But the house of lords, the chamber of hereditary legislation, is just as dear to the hearts of Englishmen as the house of commons; they would not endure that the hand of the spoiler should interfere with it. In like manner, we have no fear for the church. The establishment may be still more shaken than it has already been, and in Ireland it will probably cease to hold its ground altogether. But as to the church, as we believe it to be founded upon a rock, so we are confident that there does not exist the smallest inclination, where there is power, to molest it. On the contrary, we believe that sound church principles were never more respected by the great body of the middle classes, the real strength of the empire, than they are now; and we are confident that there needs but common prudence, mixed with increasing zeal in the clergy, to confirm this feeling. And, finally, is the crown in danger? Does any human being, in parliament or out of parliament, indulge in dreams about a presidency? Very much the reverse. We may be, we are, in a state of social transition. We are scheming, indeed living, for the nineteenth century—perhaps for the twentieth—and not for the eighteenth; but it is not, therefore, a settled thing that we are going to rack and ruin; digging at the throne, laying barrels of gunpowder under the house of lords, or mustering for the overthrow of the altar.

That the opinions which we have ventured to express are held by the great body of the people is apparent from the perfect apathy with which they looked on during the whole course of the recent struggle. Except in the house itself, no human being seemed to be roused. The city of London sent no addresses either for or against the proposed changes. We heard of no gatherings in the Bull-ring at Birmingham, or on Penenden Heath, as in other days. And now that Peel is out and Lord John Russell in, the people seem to care as little about the matter as if Lord Johnstone had merely removed from the Mansion-house, in order that Lord Thomson might come in his place. And the people are right. Events must now take their course; though whether they are to move too fast or too slow, both extremes being perilous, will depend mainly upon the measures which, in the beginning of their reign, the whig ministers shall propose.

We write it with regret, but a consideration of the materials of which the whig ministry is composed, compels us to avow our belief, that Lord John will not be able to carry on the government. There is no principle of cohesion in his cabinet. Not only do the individual members hold opinions on all important subjects diametrically opposed, but they boast of these discrepancies to the world. Take one great question, which we defy them to blink—the Irish church question, and see how they are circumstanced.

In 1835, Lord John Russell forced Sir Robert Peel out of office by proposing and carrying his appropriation clause. Lord John did not, it is true, persist in this policy after he had won his way back to Downing Street, but he made a boast of retaining

the opinions which he had advocated while in opposition, and claimed credit on the ground of moderation while putting them in abeyance. He now tells the world that he cannot conceive a more fatal measure than the disestablishment of the Protestant church in Ireland, and declines taking any further notice of the project of 1835. Meanwhile Earl Grey has published a manifesto against the Protestant establishment of Ireland. He considers its existence to be the monster grievance in that portion of the empire, and conceives that there is imposed upon the government no more pressing duty than its overthrow. Lord Grey is supported in his opinions by Mr. Sheil; whereas Mr. Macaulay appears to have arrived at the unexpected conclusion that even to pay the priests out of the consolidated fund would be injudicious. Not so my Lord Morpeth. He is all for a state-endowment; and, if we understand him right, he would rather take it out of the property of the church than supply it through the treasury. Mr. Ward, on the contrary, is for no state-payments at all. He would have religionists of every sort to provide their own parsons as they provide their own physicians, and, saving vested interests, he would seize the property of the church, as incumbencies fell vacant, and apply them to the general education of the people. Mr. Ward may be a small man in the estimation of the noble lords to whom he plays second fiddle; but he is not small in his own estimation, nor in that of the radicals, of whom he is one of the representatives; and having Mr. Benjamin Hawes to support him, he flatters himself that he will be more than able to counterbalance Mr. Charles Buller, whose views on religious points are somewhat Puseyite, and who is too honest a fellow to sanction the spoliation of any class of the queen's subjects, even if the class proposed to be plundered be the clergy.

So much for the state of feeling in the new government on a question which is just as sure to be brought forward early in the next session, as day is sure to succeed to night. Let us consider one or two points besides, in regard to which, if there be greater unanimity in the cabinet, there has been too much of coquetting out-of-doors to sanction remissness in the executive, or to ensure success after the movement is made. And, first, let us take the sugar question on which Lord John is pledged to speak out forthwith. It was during the former reign of the whigs, when Lord John was rising to the first place among them, that in order to get rid of the incubus of slavery in our own sugar colonies, the British parliament voted to the holders of slaves a compensation of not less than twenty millions sterling. The vote was opposed, of course, by the Joseph Hume clique of economists. But a sense of justice prevailed over the opposition, and, with the hearty concurrence of Quakers and philanthropists of every sort, the whigs, supported by the conservatives, gained their point, and the planters their money. So bold a confiscation of the property of Englishmen was tolerated only upon the plea that our West India growers must be placed in a very unfavorable condition of rivalry towards the growers of sugar in the Brazils, and in the Spanish and French colonies. It was held that, taking into account the natural habits of the negro, the planter who cultivated his canes by means of free labor could not possibly compete with the slave-owner; and that to give him any chance at all it was necessary first to compensate him for his loss of property in his

laborers, and next to afford him such protection as a proper adjustment of import duties between him and his rivals might establish. Indeed the levying of duties, comparatively heavy, upon slave-grown sugar was regarded as a measure not merely of fiscal arrangement, but of Christian duty; and as such the whigs proposed and triumphantly carried it. Now see what they are prepared to do.

On the plea that the repeal of the corn-laws has entirely revolutionized the commercial policy of the country, the head of the whig government talks of equalizing the duties on sugars, whether fabricated by slaves or by free laborers. Christian duty has thus ceased to have any weight with him. The Quakers, it appears, were mistaken in the use which they made of this argument; and his lordship, with his friends, accepted their view of the case, simply because it suited their convenience to do so. Perhaps Lord John is right, looking at the matter in a purely religious point of view. A state of things which has existed ever since the world began, which was sanctioned by the example of Abraham, and is nowhere denounced in the New Testament, cannot be opposed to the spirit of the religion which we profess; except, indeed, in its abuses. But we are quite sure that Lord John will never persuade the Quakers to understand this; and we are apt to suspect that he will find more than the Quakers averse, on other and less sublimated grounds, to sanction the arrangement which he proposes to make. John Bull retains a lively recollection of the twenty millions which it cost him to get rid of slavery in his own dependencies; and will not see, all at once, that there can be any fitness in the encouragement of slavery elsewhere. Besides, John cannot endure to be humbugged; and so if the Peelites and protectionists unite to resist the move, Lord John will be obliged to dissolve and go to the country on a question by no means calculated to win recruits to his standard.

But worse remains behind. Lord John has taken new ground, such as we cannot believe that he will be permitted to hold throughout a single session. He is for waiting the progress of events. Whatever his own views and the views of his cabinet may be touching the arrangements which would best promote the permanent welfare of the empire, he is determined to do nothing—to propose nothing, till public opinion shall have declared in favor of a change. Now we shall be exceedingly surprised if gentlemen on either side of the house permit this. The purpose for which a cabinet exists is to take the lead in legislation, to think for the people, and to provide them with laws and usages which shall carry them forward in civilization and prosperity; and the people know this so well that they will not readily be put off with a continued waiting upon Providence. Moreover, there are those, apart from the people, the leaders of faction both here and in Ireland, whose very nature must change if they abstain from goading ministers into action. Does anybody suppose that Mr. O'Connell will be quiet? He may patronize the whigs to a certain extent, and count upon getting a good deal out of them; but he is no more willing to relinquish the trade of agitation than he is able. The Repeal cry may be softened for a brief space out of deference to that show of decency which even he is constrained occasionally to put on. But that it will be raised again in due time, assuming the cabinet to persevere in doing nothing, is just as inevitable as that without it the rent

would not come in. Lord John may feel and express the utmost reluctance to open a campaign against the Irish church, but we defy him to escape from it. And what is more, we do not believe that his half-and-half scheme—his popish establishment here and Protestant establishment there—will content anybody. *Delenda est Carthago.* The Irish church is, in the councils of O'Connell and the whig-radicals, doomed; and the sooner and the more boldly Lord John or Lord Grey breaks ground before it, the better it will be for all concerned.

But we have not yet done with the difficulties of the new cabinet. The members of the present government are as much divided on the subject of labor in the factories as upon the Irish church question. An influential section of them, with Lord John at their head, supported Lord Ashley in his last attempt to carry a ten-hours' bill, while Lord Grey and the more decided of the economists denounced the project as worse than visionary. What is now to be done? Will the government leave to Lord Ashley—on whose reelection next year we count as surely as we do upon anything that is in the future—the honor of fighting once more the battle of the factory children, and winning it? or will Lord John assume the initiative at the inevitable risk of exasperating his supporters of the League and of coming into direct collision with Sir Robert Peel? or, finally, knowing that Lord Grey is against him, will he be content to keep aloof, or possibly vote against his own wishes? These are points which it remains for time to determine. And, let us add, that their settlement, be it managed as it may, cannot fail of causing very great embarrassment to the cabinet.

So much for some of the questions in domestic policy, about which the new government is at issue with itself. Look now to the *personelle* of the cabinet, and judge how far such men are likely to go on smoothly together. But a few short months are fled since Lord Grey refused point-blank to sit at the same council-table with Lord Palmerston. This reluctance has, somehow or another, been overcome; but he must be very simple-minded indeed who supposes that the feeling in which it originated can have passed away, or that the noble earl of July, 1846, is not just as full of crotchets as was the noble earl of 1845. The noble viscount, on the other hand, has neither forgotten nor—and our readers may take our words for it—forgiven the fracas of last autumn. Lord Palmerston has the happy knack of laying all personal slights and wrongs in the secret recesses of his memory, where they are nursed and kept warm, that they may be brought into activity on the first favorable occasion. Neither would it be just towards the head of the house of Grey to conceal that in this respect his memory is to the full as tenacious. Macaulay's letter, more plain than pleasant, has never departed from his mind, and some fine day, when his colleagues least expect it, this will be shown. Moreover, it is not one Grey, but many, whom these feuds affect. The noble secretary for the colonies may count fairly on the support of the home-secretary and the chancellor of the exchequer; and two secretaries of state, with the principal member of the treasury board, seem to us to be capable of holding their own against all the other limbs of the cabinet put together.

Again, it is a matter of grave doubt with us whether Lord John Russell, with all the prestige that surrounds his name, really possesses the confidence of the whig party. That he does not pos-

sess the confidence of the country we take to be an admitted fact. Just at this moment the country cares very little whom her majesty may be pleased to raise to the office of first lord of the treasury. It is the general belief in society that Sir Robert Peel has left nothing really useful for his successor to accomplish, and that the best thing that could happen would be a suspension for a few years of the labors of a legislature, which cannot meet without making or changing laws, whether the operation be in itself desirable or not. But the people know that Lord John is a very ambitious statesman. His character for courage, too, is more universally admitted than for discretion; and he has been too long in the hands of the movement to sanction a hope that he will be able to shake himself free. Something his lordship feels that he must do; and when men are operated upon by this sort of conviction, the chances are at least even that rather than do nothing they will do mischief. For example, was ever admission made by a minister of the crown more perilous than that which Lord John was drawn into on the subject of the estimates? Let the principle be once conceded that the house of commons has a right to examine by committee before they are brought forward the estimated expenses of each current year, and there is an end to all power in the state, except that of the commons. There is an end, likewise, to all responsibility by the minister. He ceases to be answerable for the conduct of public affairs. He has no further control over the expenditure of the revenue; embarrassment at home and disaster abroad may befall as fast as they may, but he will not withdraw from the councils of his sovereign on account of either, because the financial committee of the house, and not he, has occasioned them. Could the admission in question, or rather the hesitating reply of the noble lord, be dictated by the misgiving which always affects men's anticipations of the future when the memories of the past are unpleasant? Was Lord John thinking of the progressive decline of the national credit from 1835 to 1841; and considering how, in the event of a similar decadence, he might still hold place and pay in 1850 and beyond it? We suspect that he was; nevertheless, we take leave to assure him that neither the English people nor their representatives will permit the minister of the crown to devolve his gravest and most onerous duties on a committee of the house of commons. No, not even if the reward of acquiescence in the arrangement should promise to be a monopoly for life to the firm of Russell and Co. of the treasury benches, with all the agreeable concomitants thereunto attached, namely, lodging, presidency, patronage, and pay, with royal dinners *ad infinitum*.

There is yet another damaging circumstance connected with the position of the new government, that in their Irish appointments they have not been happy. It is the general impression—and we believe that the impression is a correct one—that the whig lord-chancellor of the sister kingdom owes his rise to O'Connell. Not that O'Connell directly patronizes the Rt. Hon. Mr. Brady, but it was necessary to place Mr. Brady where he is, in order that another and a surer berth might be provided for the *protégé* of the Liberator—who is understood, in like manner, to have imposed upon the authorities at the castle their law adviser. And of the opinions of the O'Connor Don on the great question of repeal, nobody is ignorant. Now an individual repealer, like an individual

Radical, may find it convenient to change his views when he comes into office. Indeed, we will go farther by allowing, that on all questions affecting the government of the empire, men in office receive of necessity so much more light than can be afforded to persons in private life, that it is not to be wondered at, assuming them to be reasonable beings, that, with their privacy of station, they should usually lay aside both the language and the sentiments of demagogues. But in the case of one who has spoken in favor of repeal, whether it were in the House of Commons or in Conciliation Hall, we cannot but think that the cabinet labors under a fatuity which advances him to a post of honor and responsibility under the crown. That Mr. Smith O'Brien should make something of the fact that the repeal functionary never gave in his formal adhesion to the Association, we are not surprised. Mr. Smith O'Brien is certainly not the Solomon of his party, but weak as he is, nature has given him brains enough to apprehend that it is a good thing for the cause of mischief to get a repealer into place; and that it is prudent on his own part to excuse the repealer to the mob for having accepted it. And Mr. O'Brien is right. Say what they will, the whig cabinet need not expect that they can ever succeed in persuading the British people that the association of the O'Connor Don with themselves is other than an act either of political treason or political cowardice.

Meanwhile, the enemies of the English connection are elated—the friends of the Union exasperated rather than depressed. The former anticipate a ready compliance with all the demands which they make immediately, and calculate, at least the more sanguine among them, on forcing a separation by and by. The latter, disgusted and outraged in their bitterest prejudices, are ready, through sheer dissatisfaction with times present, to make common cause with the wildest of the disclaimers against Saxon injustice. We think that measures which go to produce such results are the reverse of wise; for though it be impossible to deny that in former years the Protestants somewhat abused the powers that were entrusted to them, we defy their worst enemies to bring against them now any charge of the sort. And let it never be forgotten, that their worst outbreaks were the results of a loyalty peculiar, but perfectly honest; of a principle which partook as much, perhaps, of hatred to popery, as of love for protestantism or for the throne; and could not be disavowed from the remembrance, that their fathers having won Ireland with the sword, kept it, not for themselves but for England, and devolved upon them the solemn duty of keeping it still. We think, then, that a policy which forces the protestants into hostility, even if it seem for the moment to win the favor of the Roman Catholics, is neither a just nor a wise policy. For the party whom you strive to conciliate make no pretence of loving you for your own sakes, far less desire to be considered one with yourselves; whereas the outraged protestants used to boast that they were English, not Irish subjects, and were ready to sacrifice property and life itself in defence of the English connection.

Hitherto we have spoken of the whig government as of a self-existent and isolated body. We have pointed out the causes of the weakness which we attribute to it, as far as they are to be sought for within the cabinet circle itself. We have

shown that the management of public affairs has been undertaken by a body of gentlemen, hardly any two of whom think alike on any subject; that the points concerning which they differ among themselves are not secondary, but of the first importance; and that the tempers of the men are, in many instances, such as to preclude all hope of their being able, for any length of time, to keep their peculiar humors under control. What sane man expects that Lord Grey will give up the very least-valued of his crotchets, were the existence of the government shown to depend upon his doing so? Who professes to believe that Lord John Russell, after he has once made up his mind to any given course of action, will yield a jot in order to conciliate Earl Grey or any other member, either of the cabinet or the legislature? Who is so innocent as to anticipate that Lord Palmerston's repentance will prove to be sincere, or that, either at the Foreign Office or in his correspondence with the ministers of other states, he will abate a tittle of the petulance which in a few short years brought us to the very verge of an European war? These are grave considerations—rocks ahead of the new régime, which no steering, however skilful, can, in our judgment, for any length of time, avoid. But if they be avoided, what then? The whigs are by far the weakest party in the House of Commons, and among the constituencies they are as nothing. Will they be able to go on? We think not. Their colonial policy, when last in power, produced a rebellion in Canada. If we may judge from what the new premier promises, it will bring total ruin upon the West India islands now. They showed themselves on former occasions miserable financiers, and are not likely to do better amid the confusions inseparable from a total change of system. Our facetious contemporary, *Punch*, has risked a prophecy in regard to this matter, which it will in nowise surprise us to see realized. And of this we can assure them, that as the people give them no credit for moderation or magnanimity—as all the world is alive to the eagerness with which they joined in driving Peel from office, so there is little disposition anywhere to overlook their blunders when they fall into them, or to tolerate their feebleness whenever it shall begin to show itself. They have no hold whatever upon the country, and they know it. Now we sincerely regret this, for go when they may, there seems to us no prospect of replacing them by a cabinet which shall be stronger; for parties are utterly dissolved, and till they take again some form and consistency, we defy any man or set of men to guide with effect the councils of the nation.

Finally, let the whigs beware how they endeavor to get up, at a crisis like the present, what they expect to become a popular cry, whether it be on the subject of education or cheap sugar. Legislation carried on in a state of excitement invariably ends ill; for be the particular measure good or bad, the manner of pressing it forward is fatal. There is more truth in Lord Castlereagh's much abused aphorism than it might be judicious to acknowledge. "The people have little [we will not exactly say that they have *nothing*] to do with the laws, except to obey them." Clear heads, sound judgments, great circumspection, a keen insight into the future, are all requisite in men who would provide for the permanent well-being of the country; and to look for any one of these quali-

ties in mobs, or in the leaders of mobs, is ridiculous.

We give it, then, as our deliberate opinion, that Lord John Russell's government will not last a twelvemonth. We repeat that we are sorry for it; and as the best proof of our sincerity, we hereby declare that from us it shall receive a fair trial. We shall try its measures, be they what they may, on their own merits; and give judgment in each separate case according to right.

From *Tait's Magazine*, (Radical.)

POLITICS OF THE MONTH.

SINCE we last wrote, great changes have occurred. The Corn Law Repeal Bill has become the law of the land, and the Anti-Corn-Law League has been dissolved; the Oregon question has been settled; the Irish Coercion Bill has been thrown out; Sir Robert Peel has resigned; and we have, once more, in the direction of the national affairs, Lord John Russell and a whig ministry.

The retirement of Sir Robert Peel, after carrying his great measure of Free Trade, was seen to be inevitable; yet it has been much regretted. During five years he has conducted the business of the nation with admirable skill and success; he has effected the most important measure of reform since the reform bill itself became a law; the measure, above all others, to obtain which the people strove to obtain parliamentary reform. He has left the government to the whigs with a grand difficulty subdued, the national finances in a flourishing state, the country prosperous and at peace, and agitation for organic changes unheard of. With the exception of the protectionists, whose monopoly he has destroyed, and those whig partisans who profit, or hope to profit by his fall, the whole nation regrets the loss of Peel. No minister, in our time, has left power, followed by so much popular sympathy and affection. Who could have thought that this would ever be said of the tory premier? While he served a party, opposed to the interests of the people, he was the most unpopular of public men. He threw off party, and worked for the people, and speedily became the most popular man of the day. Let it never be said that the people are ungrateful.

The course the whig leaders pursued in relation to the measure which caused the downfall of Peel, was not without suspicious circumstances. No doubt, the Irish coercion bill was a bad measure; unconstitutional, oppressive, and, above all, useless as a cure for the evil against which it was directed. Any minister who should propose so tyrannical an enactment deserved to be driven from power; and it was the duty of all the liberals in parliament to oppose the bill. But this was not the first Irish coercion bill. Ireland has never wanted such blessings. The two immediately preceding were both brought in by the whigs. Peel only followed the established practice; and this last of all the Irish coercion bills, as we trust, was passed in the upper house of parliament, with the concurrence of the whig lords; and not ill received by the whigs in the Lower House, at its introduction. But Lord George Bentinck and the protectionists, who had at first supported the bill, and who were ready to support it to the last, if Peel would have consented to postpone to it the Free Trade Bill, having, in revenge of Peel's disregard of their selfish propo-

sal, sworn to effect his downfall at the first opportunity, the whigs became suddenly aware of the enormities and absurdities of the Irish measure; and by them and the protectionists the minister was outvoted. The act at least was right; let us hope the motive was right also. Ireland must now be governed otherwise than by coercion; and owes that immunity to Lord John Russell and the whigs.

To Lord John and his friends, no small share of the merit of carrying the Free Trade bill is also due. Ever since his memorable letter, of last autumn, to his constituents of London, Lord John has steadfastly adhered to the principle he then announced, and has zealously coöperated with Peel in pushing the measure through the House of Commons. To Lord John's firmness, and his influence with his party, is ascribed the support given to the measure by nearly all the whigs in the house. He has merited the place he now occupies. All the shortcomings and misdeeds of the whigs have, for the time, been forgotten; and the people are well content to see them once more in place and power. Those of the party who had to vacate their seats, in consequence of appointment to office, have in every instance been reelected, with general satisfaction, if not with acclamation. In only two cases (Edinburgh and Plymouth) has there been the shadow of opposition. In one of these it was only the shadow: in the other the opposition was real, and, from special circumstances, might have been formidable. But even there, the opposition was directed against the person and not against the party to which he belonged.

Apparently, the circumstances in which Lord John Russell has succeeded to power, are most auspicious. The danger of war with America is over; with France we are again on cordial terms; and with all the world, (except Rosas, at La Plata,) at peace. O'Connell, and Ireland, represented in his person, are well disposed to whig government, (witness the unopposed return of Mr. Sheil, although not a repealer, by the repeal constituency of Dungarvon;) and the chartist agitation is asleep. Very little dissatisfaction, at the announcements of whig policy, made by the ministers who have had to face their constituents at the hustings, has been anywhere expressed. Such social improvements as have been promised, are all highly acceptable; and more is scarcely expected or required at present. People have become tired of political agitation, and desirous of a period of repose. Under the whig rule, it is felt there is a prospect of quiet and prosperous times. The advent of the whigs to power is, therefore, welcomed by the great majority of the nation; and deprecated, in so far as we have observed, by only Mr. Duncombe, Mr. O'Connor, and their followers, if, indeed, their followers are with them at present. If infinitely less ardent, the welcome of the whigs to office has been far more general, than it was in 1830, when so much national benefit was expected from a liberal ministry. Everything seems, at first sight, to promise a long and happy whig reign.

The whigs reënter office in circumstances unprecedented in our history. There is no opposition; for an opposition implies leaders who could be supposed to aspire to office without provoking a laugh, and this can scarcely be said of the party represented by the hundred patriots who, under the auspices of Mr. Bankes, ate white-bait at Blackwall, and, intrenching themselves behind the walls of the church, swore to maintain an armed neutrality, unless the church was attacked. These gentlemen

apart, every man appears to be of every man's way of thinking. Within the cabinet, every man is allowed to have his own opinions: Earl Grey, who would crop and dock the Irish church; Lord John Russell, who would leave the Irish church its revenues, and establish the Romish church in Ireland in addition; and Mr. Macaulay, who would neither assail the Irish church, with Earl Grey, nor endow the Romish, with Lord John; have made up their minds to a harmonious difference of opinion. Outside of the cabinet, the Peel party having been worsted on the Irish Curfew Bill, have given up the hope, and apparently even the wish, to try another. They have adopted the same eclectic system of politics as the whigs, and differ from them in no essentials. Sir Robert Peel having been fairly complimented out of office, bowed down stairs with an excess of civility, Lord John is welcomed, not exactly with *empressement*, but with a fair amount of cordiality. Whig, tory, and radical—the lion, the lamb, and—any animal the reader pleases to select as typical of the third party, have couched together amicably in parliament.

Out of doors the people are looking on to see what is to be the "upshot" of all this cordiality, what the first fruits of this political millennium. "*Haud equidem invidio, miror magis,*" is the prevailing sentiment. Notwithstanding the famine and railway panics, there is no general pressure at this moment beyond what men have got accustomed to. Agitators (except in Ireland) find the masses, worn out with protracted struggles, rather difficult to excite. No-popery and free-churchism made as indifferent a rally in Edinburgh as chartism did at Nottingham or Plymouth. There is a general disposition—now that the old whig and tory and parliamentary radical parties are broken up, pounded down to a uniform consistency, and prepared for fusion—to wait and see what kind of a government is likely to be produced by the amalgamation. In this state of the public mind, it is not so rash in Lord John to take office without a numerical majority in parliament as might at first sight appear. Where there is little difference even of *professed* principle among parliamentary men, place is a wonderful eradicator of mere personal incompatibilities. The treasury bench is a magnet that, except on exceptional occasions, is sure quietly to draw a majority to it. Then if with the support of such a majority for one year, ministers can contrive to avow principles and carry measures that may, in the taper and tadpole language, serve as a "cry;" what with watchwords under which no political Dalgetty may be ashamed to rally, what with the influence of office, and what with the excellent organization of the whig standing electioneering committees, ministerial chances of a majority in the next parliament are as fair as could be desired.

But, to those who scan the whole political horizon, the prospect is not without clouds. One dark cloud, especially, seems not unlikely from the course of the wind to overshadow, ere long, the ministerial position. The state of Ireland cannot fail to bring on the question of church establishments or the voluntary principle; the most formidable question of the day. Other vexed questions will be brought forward, in the course of next session, to say nothing of the sugar duties in the present. For although the ministers and their partisans will do their best to prevent the introduction and the discussion of troublesome questions, and although the nation is likely, for some time, to prefer quiet to agitation, it is scarcely possible but that

offences will come. By the resistance to every successive measure of reform, a whole generation has been trained to agitation. There is a reform press, which must have topics for discussion: there are reform orators, who must have grievances about which to declaim; there are independent members, representing reform constituencies, who must bring forward reform measures to please those who sent them to parliament, and to acquire distinction; and there are countless thousands of reformers, whose aspirations after progress must be gratified. In the course of time, all the old questions will again be propounded. Extension of the franchise, ballot, repeal of the rate-paying clauses of the reform act; the legacy duties, and other inequalities of taxation; currency reform, repeal of death punishment; church rates, &c., will all reappear, notwithstanding every attempt of the party in power to keep them in abeyance. Above all, the state of Ireland, and the Irish church question, will force themselves on public attention. Verily there will not long be peace for peace-loving whigs.

The elements of disturbance are not dead, but sleep. The chartists are scarce seen or heard of at present: but the chartists still exist. Let there come a season of monetary pressure, accompanied by want of work, and the millions will become uneasy; let the millions feel uneasy, and the natural and necessary distrust of a government over which they exercise no control, which is entirely under the management of classes who have stored up means to weather a season of distress, will revive. We have not heard the last of extension of the franchise; no, nor of the five points either.

Again, the spirit of sectarian bigotry is scarcely even asleep. If it slumbers, it is a nightmare slumber, and its groans and tossings are as full of meaning as those of Richard the night before Bosworth field. Old Intolerance is preparing for a last rally, and, like Captain Macheath, he will "die game." The cause of religious liberty has been more rapidly advanced in practice than in theory. Two parties have coöperated in this, who but imperfectly felt the divine nature of the mission they have been fulfilling, and who cordially distrust and dislike each other—the latitudinarians on the one hand, and the sectarians on the other. By the latitudinarians, (we use the word in no dislogistic or offensive sense,) we mean the scholars and thinkers, and the statesmen and lawyers, who, by reflection or mere habit, have come to look with indifference upon the minor controversies of sects, so long as the great essentials of devotional feeling and moral convictions are safe. Under every form and phasis of society, this class of intellect must be the governing one. Religious controversies are so many impediments to their political schemes, and they would fain suppress them. When men of this class are intolerant, (and there is sometimes a natural intolerance of disposition which no schooling or training can subdue,) it is of sincere, impracticable, narrow-minded religious conviction. Our Chesterfields and Bedfords, and our literary promoters of Catholic and Jewish emancipation, have belonged to this class. They are not truly tolerant; for, incapable of conceiving the deep devotion to peculiar dogmas, which seems inseparable from many of the highest virtues of human nature, they would emasculate public opinion, by suppressing it. The other class to whom we alluded, are the sectaries, or dissenters. There is a grandeur and single-heartedness about the readiness of the better minds of this class to sacrifice everything for con-

science sake, that commands involuntary homage. But linked with this, even in the best of them, there is a habit of attaching exclusive importance to those opinions by which they differ from others, a repulsive and polemical tendency, that confines their most genial feelings to the narrow circle of their sect, and chides the sympathy of those who do not entirely concur with them. Various sects from time to time ally themselves with each other, and even with the latitudinarians, to ward off danger; but their consciences check them for such compliances; when they can, they prefer standing aloof, and even in aggressive relations to all who think differently from them. Such intellects are incapable of governing a state wisely; woe to the nation which is subjected to their sway! but they have many of the sturdy and independent qualities of the good hater, and in our country they are numerous, and as powerful as a multitude of independent self-willed guerilla troops can be. The conscious and avowedly intolerant section of society, still too numerous among us, is ever ready to avail itself of the distrust and want of cordiality between the statesmen and scholars who compose the latitudinarians, and the innumerable communions who compose the sectaries, and, among the latter, in regard to each other. And already we have had symptoms preparative for a fierce Exeter Hall campaign.

Ministers may make up their minds that the present lull is deceptive; that all the elements of as fierce a political strife as this country has ever witnessed, are actively fermenting beneath the surface. It is not by fair words, or graceful concessions, that they are to neutralize, pacify, or divert them. The drawing-room liberalism of politics is too diluted—the bookish policy of the metropolitan press too unreal, to serve the purpose. They must look at the cravings of the densely-packed quivering masses in the manufacturing districts, at the dull chronic nightmare suffering of the agricultural districts, at the deranged social relations of Ireland, and apply real remedies to real agonies. Thus only can they render permanent their precarious tenure of authority.

And how will the new ministry meet the rising demands of reformers? The question is of more importance to themselves than to the people; for the spirit of progress is so powerful that, if resisted by the whigs, their resistance will only be fatal to their retention of place.

Their position is not so secure as it seems, from the ready acquiescence of the nation in their return to power, and the present lull of political agitation. There are dangers within and without the camp of the whigs. From Lord Grey within, and from Sir Robert Peel and Mr. O'Connell without, they have much to apprehend. If they act rightly, Lord Grey will be to them a tower of strength. We trust the same thing may be truly said of Sir Robert Peel, and also of Mr. O'Connell. But certainly in Lord Grey, the whig officers have a dangerous messmate. Should they retrograde or march in a wrong direction, he will assuredly desert them, and join the more dangerous party of their enemies. The danger to be apprehended from Sir Robert Peel, is not less. He has promised them his support in all good measures; and there is no reason to doubt either the sincerity of his intention in his favor, or that he will faithfully perform what he has promised. But that he should have any personal favor for them, or that he should wish to see them longer in office than they use their power for the

public benefit, is not to be supposed. We believe that he will act towards Lord John Russell, with more magnanimity than Lord John displayed towards him. For, while supporting Peel's great measure, Lord John could never refrain from unnecessary and mischievous sallies, depreciatory of its author. No petty ebullitions of spite or spleen are likely to proceed from Peel. But it may be expected that he will be quite ready to withdraw his support from Lord John Russell, at the very time when support shall be most required; that is, when the whigs are doing something both wrong and unpopular; turning his force suddenly against them, to their destruction as a ministry, and his own restoration to office as the minister of progress. From Peel as again a conservative, the whigs have not much to fear. If they attack the church establishment of Ireland, the friends of that church would scarcely choose Peel as their champion. They would feel instinctively that *their* cause would not be safe under his charge. The part he acted in the cases of Catholic emancipation and corn law repeal, could not fail to impress on their doubting consciences, what they might anticipate from Peel. Should the whigs attempt organic reforms, there might be more danger from Peel; again become leader of the conservatives, protectionists and all. That danger, the whigs, however, will not incur. It is more likely that Peel may go beyond them, in that direction, by originating or supporting a new reform bill, retaining the £10 franchise, but abolishing all the corrupt small constituencies, and establishing equality of districts, with triennial parliaments; a measure which, although far short of radical reform, would immensely increase the power of the middle classes to return men of their own sentiments to parliament.

From Mr. O'Connell, the danger to the whig cabinet is not so great, as from either Lord Grey or Sir Robert Peel; that is, if Mr. O'Connell continue to agitate solely for repeal of the union. Against that agitation the whigs will have the support of the whole British public, including, with scarcely an exception, the whole British press. But if he should direct his force against the monster grievance of Ireland, the established church, the church of one tenth of the population, which yet monopolizes the whole national church property, the case would be very different. That grievance is utterly indefensible. Apart from the opinion so rapidly gaining ground, that all church establishments are injurious to the cause of true religion, and, where there is not one sect of religionists but many, flagrantly unjust to all the dissenting churches; there is no gainsaying the truth, that, on every principle of equity and common sense, if there must be a church establishment in Ireland, it ought to be that of the national religion of Ireland—the religion, not of *one* tenth of the people, and the richest portion of them, and therefore the best able to provide religious services for themselves; but that of above *eight* tenths of the people, and these the poorest. England has its establishment; the church of the majority of the English people. Scotland has its establishment; the church of, till very lately, the majority of the Scottish people. Why should not the establishment of Ireland, if establishments are to be maintained in each of the three kingdoms, be that of the majority of the Irish people? a majority greater than the English church can boast in England, or the Scottish church ever could pretend to in Scotland. The Episcopal church is more odious to the dissenters, in Ireland, than the es-

tablishments in the other two kingdoms are to the dissenters in these kingdoms. Besides being the churches of a present majority in the one case, and of a very recent majority in the other, these churches were the original choice of the English and Scottish people. Not so the church of Ireland. It was forced upon the Irish nation by invaders and oppressors. It was established by force, on a reluctant people; it has been maintained, by force, among a people whose original aversion to it has never known diminution; and it is maintained by force, at the present time. Without the vast body of troops quartered in Ireland, amounting to about one third of the British army, the English church establishment in Ireland could not maintain itself for a single day. It is nonsense to pretend that the English church in Ireland is not an injustice and an oppression, because it takes nothing from the Irish people, but subsists on its own funds. The whole property and possessions, as they are called, of that church establishment, were taken from the church of the Irish people, who are forced to pay their own ministers of religion; the funds and possessions formerly devoted to that purpose being forcibly appropriated by an alien church. Can such a violation of every principle of religious liberty be supported by Englishmen and Scotsmen? Can it be expected that such a degrading infliction on the feelings of Irishmen should be much longer submitted to? The thing is impossible.

Had there been no Presbyterian establishment in Scotland—had the English church been established there also—the insult, if not the injury to the people of Ireland would have been less palpable. It might have been said that the Episcopalian was the church of the majority of the people of the United Kingdom; and, as it is the duty of the state to maintain an establishment of religion, that establishment could only be the Episcopalian. But the successful armed resistance of the Scottish people to the thrusting upon them of an alien and hated church establishment, has destroyed that plausible argument, and leaves the Episcopal establishment of Ireland a crying injustice, a degrading insult, and a monument of foreign oppression, which cannot be maintained with the smallest pretence to fair dealing, or conformity with the great Christian principle of doing to others as we would that they should do unto us.

The whigs, it is only justice to admit, have long been sensible that this state of things in Ireland ought not to be maintained. Lord John Russell and other leading statesmen of the party have proposed a remedy. The Rev. Sydney Smith advocated the same remedy, in an eloquent and powerful appeal, published after his decease. And the great whig organ, *The Edinburgh Review*, at various times, but especially in an elaborate article in the number for January, 1844, (vol. lxxix., p. 189,) took the same view of what was required to give peace to Ireland. We doubt not the sincerity and good intentions of the whigs. But *their* mode of redressing the grand Irish grievance will not do. They wished to pension the Romish priests, and have *two* church establishments in Ireland. A better way of putting the Catholics and the Episcopals on a par, would be to have no church establishment in that country. Nothing can be more clear than that either the Roman Catholic religion must be there established, or the Episcopalian church be dis-established. It is to the honor of Lord John Russell and the whigs that they acknowledge the wrong and wish to redress it. Most

of them probably think the double establishment the better mode of doing justice; and all of them that it is the more practicable. There we believe them to be mistaken. They have not taken sufficient account of either the religion or the bigotry of the people of England and Scotland. Any attempt to pension the Romish priests would be instantly fatal to the whigs, or to any ministry. Their generous purpose must needs be abandoned. Its avowal at any time was a great imprudence. Mr. Macaulay, at his meetings with his constituents, found it necessary to disclaim all intention of paying the Irish priests; and to assure his hearers, that if the ministry to which he belongs had contemplated such a measure, he would not have joined them. Lord John Russell, also, in his exposition in the house of commons, of the ministerial intentions, declares that although "he retains his opinions with respect to Roman Catholic endowment, he does not think it necessary that he should urge these opinions at present; for he should be doing that which he must confess at the present moment to be impracticable." Impracticable, no doubt, at the present moment; impracticable, we believe, at any future time; and as improper as impracticable, there being another way of doing justice between Catholic and Episcopalian. To that other and better way, we recommend the whigs to turn their attention. Although it, too, at the present moment, may be impracticable, public opinion is taking that direction; and it may, before long, be as practicable as it is just.

It seems strange that, supposing the religious and the bigoted feelings of the British people would permit the pensioning of the Catholic priests, sensible men should believe that such a measure would remove Catholic discontents. The Catholics cannot forget that to their church belonged the chapels, revenues, and dignities now occupied by another church. Yet it is not unreasonable to suppose that they might be quite contented with an equality with the adherents of the rival sect, by the abolition of the present establishment; and not aspire to attain their original ascendancy. But with less than equality, how can it be supposed the Catholics would be contented? And what equality would there be, if the Episcopal church were allowed to retain all, or nearly all its present possessions, and the Catholic church were merely to obtain pensions for its priests, with perhaps a number of cheap and inelegant chapels built for them? Could the Catholic priests be contented with the very moderate stipends proposed for them by *The Edinburgh Review* in the article above alluded to, while the Episcopalian clergy had hundreds of pounds for the Catholic tens, and the Episcopalian dignitaries thousands for the Catholic hundreds? It is not possible that the Catholics could be satisfied with such a meagre and degrading allotment of state pay; although they might take it as a step towards obtaining more. The cry of Justice to Ireland would soon be raised; and the principle that the Catholic church was entitled to be made a state establishment, having been admitted, the inequality of the two establishments would be utterly without defence. After working together for a few years, with anything but harmony and brotherly love, the rival establishments would assuredly get to a state of war for supremacy; a war possibly of more than words.

It must not be forgotten that there are other religious sects in Ireland besides Catholics and Episcopalians. These sects, of course, would require to

have their religious services paid for by the state, were the Catholic religion endowed. Justice requires that all should be endowed or none. Not even those sects which are not allowed by others to be Christians at all, could be fairly excluded. We trust that the proceedings at the late election in Edinburgh will receive due attention from the whig ministers, and that we shall hear no more of pensioning the Catholic priests. Edinburgh is far from having an extra quantity of bigotry; we believe it has less than the other large towns of Scotland and England, London perhaps excepted; and it is not behind any of them in enlightenment. Yet, if Mr. Macaulay had denied the intention of endowing the Catholic religion in less strong terms than he did; had he said no more to his constituents than Lord John Russell said in the house of commons in answer to Mr. Thomas Duncombe, he most certainly would have exchanged places at the poll with Sir Culling Eardley Smith.

In writing as we have done, we do not affect to be disinterested. As friends of religion, and of religious liberty, we are opposed to state churches, and do not wish to see the number of our enemies increased. Religion and church are very different things. Religious liberty and church establishments are totally opposed to each other. We know how churchmen of different sects, however antagonistic their respective church establishments may be, are disposed to fraternize, for mutual defence of their respective positions. What sects were more opposed to each other than Episcopalians and Presbyterians? Scorn on the one side was met by detestation on the other. But Episcopacy in England, and Presbyterianism in Scotland, being established, the scorn has diminished, and the detestation has ceased. The English establishment now regards the Scottish with some small measure of respect. It is felt that the former may be one day in danger from the enemies of all establishments. Black prelacy has ceased to be hated by the Scottish establishment, because the latter finds itself already in danger, outnumbered and surrounded by foes who have sworn its destruction, that is, its separation from the state. Let popery be established in Ireland, and the other two establishments will speedily recognize her as a sister; of a different and not over-lovely favor, compared to themselves, but still a daughter of the same lordly family. The friends of religious liberty in Britain, deserted by their Irish allies, would have three enemies to contend with, instead of two, as at present; and although, their cause being that of truth and righteousness, ultimate victory might be certain, it would undoubtedly be postponed to a day comparatively distant.

We hope for good government from the whigs. But what security for it have we, under the present reform act, when the country shall be delivered over to whig rule for seven long years of a new parliament? None but that of public opinion, and the possibility of some new league for giving effect to it. But such monster associations are not the proper remedy for misgovernment. They are difficult, laborious, and costly; and would be highly objectionable, were they not necessary, owing to the deficiency of the proper constitutional remedy. All who desiderate civil and religious liberty, must wish for other and more regular and easily-working means of letting the popular will be imperatively felt.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF FLOGGING.—Amid the storm of indignant correspondence which has been extorted by the horror with which a recent fatal instance of this disgraceful practice has filled the public mind, the following letter, addressed to the *Times*, is so significant, that we feel called upon to assist its argument by bringing it under the notice of our own readers. Such new and striking light is thrown by its propositions, and by the evidence of Mr. Erasmus Wilson given at the coroner's inquest, on the barbarity of this revolting species of punishment, that there is every hope of their, at length, compelling an abandonment of a usage which—like some others that have lingered amongst us in spite of all our boasted civilization—would be a reproach to a nation of savages. Through the length and breadth of England, we will venture to believe, that the disgusting details of this military execution have been read by no man without the throb of indignation and the blush of shame. If the use of torture be essential to the maintenance of discipline in the army, it were better and more humane to release from the Tower some of those horrid instruments which have been hung up there for the execration of ages, and regulate the comparative dignities of colonel, and sergeant, and private, by means of the thumb-screw:

"It may seem very hard if I say that the effect of flogging is not fully appreciated even in my own, the medical profession. But I have studied the subject, and I beg to send you a few medical hints upon it. Every lash, like every other kind of laceration or cutting, affects the power of the heart. A patient sometimes never rallies from the effect of a severe accident, (such was the case with Mr. Huskisson,) or a severe surgical operation. But this is not all. The skin, which some persons seem to think may be treated like an inorganic substance, has a special relation with the internal organs:—1. A current of air falling partially on the surface is sufficient, by its action on the skin, and the sympathy of this, through the ganglionic system, with the internal organs, to induce inflammation of the lungs, or of the heart, or of the membranes which cover these organs. 2. The same event occurs from burns or scalds. 3. The same event occurs from flogging. It is not the extent of the infliction merely which is to be considered; much depends on the peculiarity of the constitution. The healthy are less affected than the unhealthy, the sober than the drunken. But any person may, as the effect of any of the inflictions to which I have adverted, become *diseased—diseased for life, or diseased unto death*; and no man—no medical person—can tell, *à priori*, who is to suffer or who is to escape. Flogging is not to be treated of, then, as a thing skin-deep. Many a soldier whom it was only intended to flog has been slain, unknown even to the inflicter of the punishment; for, as I have said, the medical bearings of the subject have not been duly investigated. It is somewhat singular that those persons who seem to bear a surgical operation best are precisely those whom it affects the most, and most dangerously. There are, besides, what we call idiosyncrasies, or peculiarities, which, besides the fact of ill-health or bad habits, render an infliction which might generally be borne without risk most dangerous. In the tendency to disease of the brain, in disease of the heart, flogging would be dangerous; and this punishment has actually induced epilepsy and tetanus (or locked jaw.) I may refer to the writings of the late Mr. Rose and Sir C. Bell, of Mr.

Travers, &c., for examples of internal disease, especially inflammation of the lungs, induced by severe accidents or operations; but, if this be true in regard to the tissues in general, it is specially so in respect to the *skin*. The great fact is, that as exposure to a current of air, so a burn, and so a flogging, may induce disease—lingering disease and death."—*Athenæum*.

THE COPPER REGION.—The stories which reach us from the copper region on Lake Superior, almost daily, startle our credulity; and were it not that we have ourselves seen some of these large masses of native copper, we should find it difficult to credit them, however well authenticated. A gentleman from Zanesville, now on his way to Lake Superior, thus writes from Detroit, on the 28th of May, to the *Zanesville Courier*:—"The explorations on Lake Superior prove that it is, beyond compare, the richest copper region in the world; and four or five veins have, thus far, been discovered which contain silver in sufficient quantities to render the mining highly profitable. Some of the copper ores carry with them 10 per cent. of silver; which would make its commercial value between 4,000 and 5,000 dollars per ton. The explorations during the past winter, I learn, have been highly satisfactory. One day last week, a boat took down about 50,000 dollars' worth of copper and silver ore belonging to the Pittsburgh Company, destined for the Boston Market. The Boston and Lake Superior Company (Eagle River) have struck a vein which is represented to be very rich in silver. The Copper Falls Company, you will recollect, uncovered a mass of native copper, last winter, some 13 feet in length—which proved a very serious obstacle to the prosecution of their work. The Eagle Harbor Company, on the adjoining location, have met with an obstacle still more serious. They have come to a mass of native copper, which serves as a brazen barrier to all further operations—at least for the present. They have 'drifted' longitudinally about 90 feet, without finding its length; they have sunk down about four feet in places without finding its depth. Its average thickness is about 18 inches! The mass thus far uncovered is estimated at about 90 tons; and its commercial value, when raised and smelted, will exceed 25,000 dollars. This seems almost incredible, and yet it is literally true. Nothing in the previous history of mining operations can compare with this. The Ontonagon copper rock, weighing about two tons, was regarded as one of the wonders of the world; and yet, between that mass and this, the difference is as great as between a mustard-seed shot and a cannon ball. The company propose erecting a steam engine for the purpose of sawing this immense mass into blocks, and thus raising it from the mine. I saw some of the fragments or rough 'strings,' that were cut off from the exterior; and, with the exception of an occasional admixture of spar, it resembled more the product of the furnace than the mine."—*Toronto Patriot*.

The Turkish government has just ordered the establishment at Constantinople and Smyrna of a body of firemen. This step is a victory over the doctrine of fatalism of the Turks, which enjoins them to remain inactive when a fire breaks out. In order, however, that the object of the government may be fully carried out, the new corps of firemen is to be composed of Armenians and Jews. —*Morning Chronicle*.